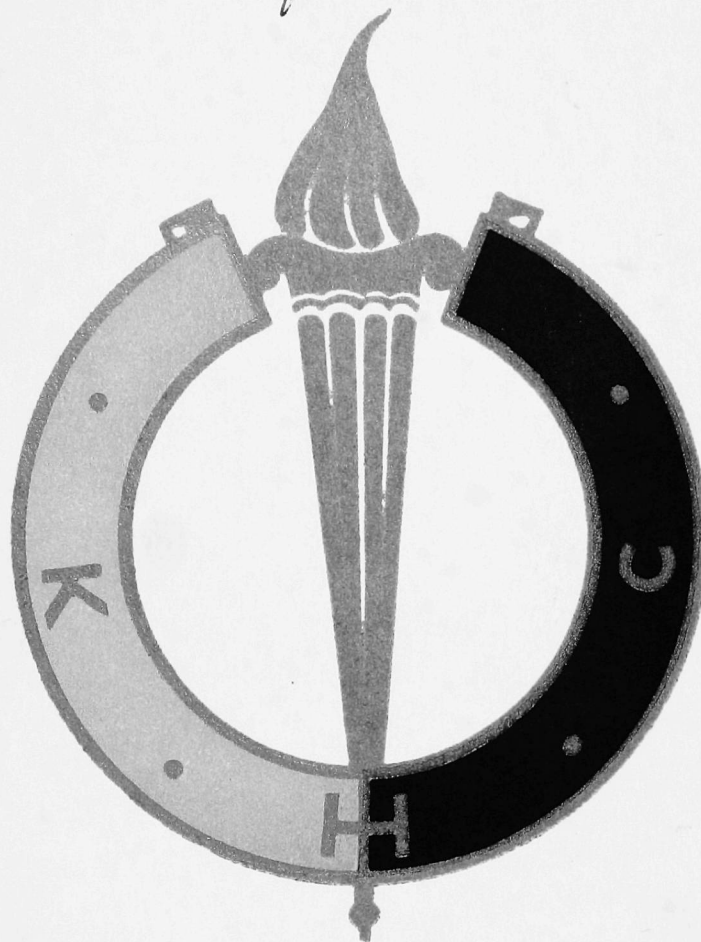


J. C. Wallace



King's Hall

1941

KING'S HALL MAGAZINE

June 1941

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S. HAAS, *Editor*

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High School Leaving - E. FALLON

VI-A—A. MARTIN

VI-B—J. RILEY

V-A—J. EWENS

V-B—S. MACKINTOSH

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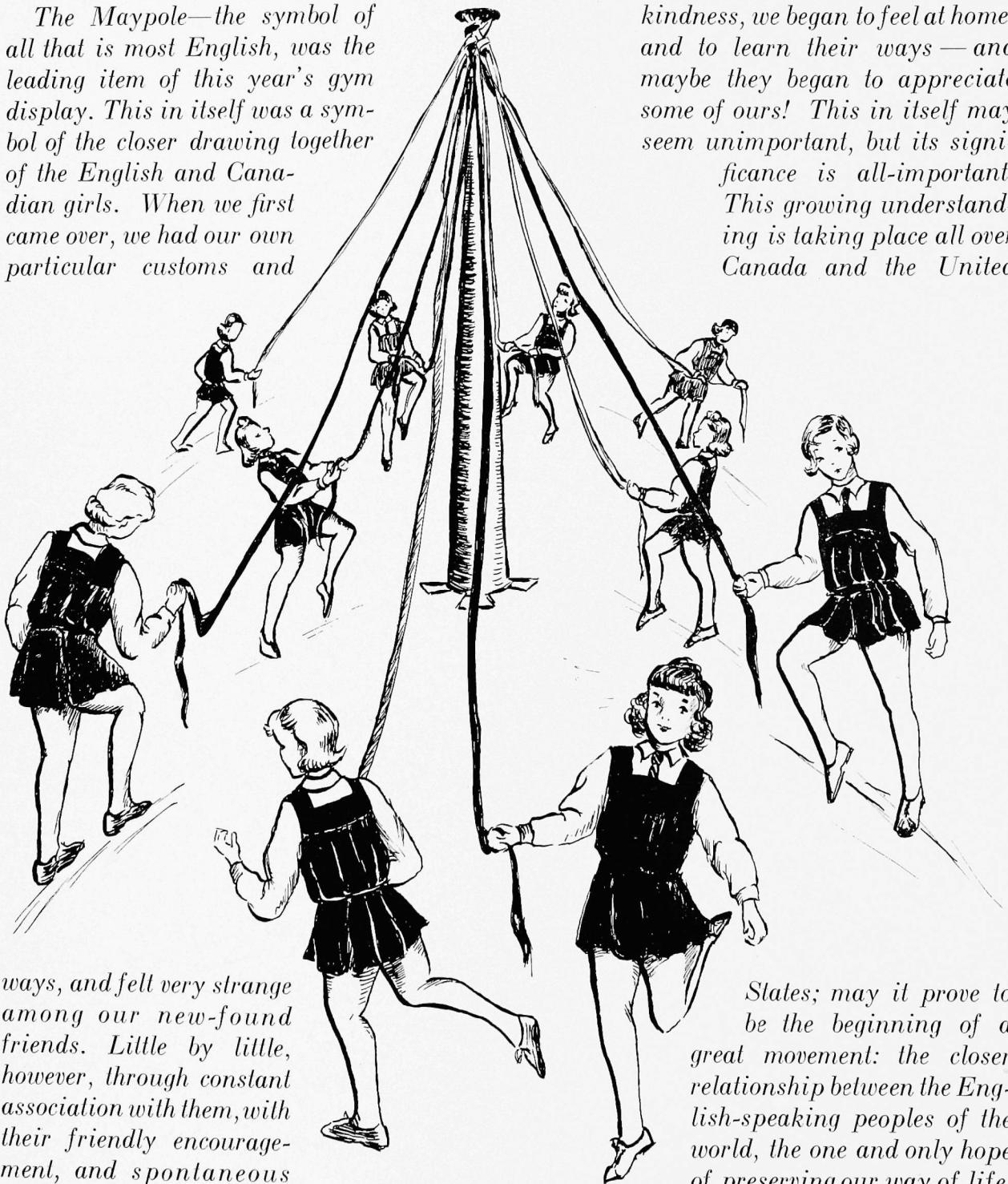
Staff Advisors

MISS LEONARD

MISS MORRIS

The Maypole—the symbol of all that is most English, was the leading item of this year's gym display. This in itself was a symbol of the closer drawing together of the English and Canadian girls. When we first came over, we had our own particular customs and

kindness, we began to feel at home, and to learn their ways — and maybe they began to appreciate some of ours! This in itself may seem unimportant, but its significance is all-important. This growing understanding is taking place all over Canada and the United



ways, and felt very strange among our new-found friends. Little by little, however, through constant association with them, with their friendly encouragement, and spontaneous

States; may it prove to be the beginning of a great movement: the closer relationship between the English-speaking peoples of the world, the one and only hope of preserving our way of life.

Editorial

Calm waves beat on our shores, only winds blow over our roofs, the sun still shines brightly down on us, and wheat still grows in our fields; we are still free, but how can we preserve this pleasantness, this feeling of serenity unless we throw ourselves whole-heartedly into the war that is ravaging the world to-day? We must win, and we will win if we give the best that is in us.

*"Forty years on as we think of times olden,
Clearly the past in our memory will shine".*

Let us all be able to look back on these days and know that feeling of satisfaction which comes from having taken upon ourselves some of the responsibilities, and from having done our best towards the preserving of a free civilization and making it even better than it is to-day.

These years, although we are undergoing a terrific struggle, have been happy, and always may be happy if we square our shoulders to the world and never yield to a ruthless tyrant.

Our English girls have shown us what courage is; their homeland is being bombed to pieces, but do they ever lose heart? Their superb spirit carries them through. But we can do it too, Canadians! Let us show the world that Canada produces people fully able to bear the hardest tasks possible, and may it be said "Forty years on" that Canada lived up to the honour of being a member of the British Empire.



June 1st, 1941.

My Dear Girls:

It seems impossible that another year has slipped by and that the time has come for me to try to pass on to you a message of hope and encouragement for the future. It is upon the shoulders of your generation that will fall the responsibility of building the new world of peace, contentment and justice which we hope will follow the present world conflict. You dare not shirk that grave responsibility which will be yours.

While it is true that one can live only in the present, this does not mean that one can make the most of life having no regard for the past, and no plan for the future. A nation has been defined as "an echo of the past, and a whisper from the future, the whole bound together with the lives, the hopes and the endeavours of many millions of men and women." The state of crisis through which the whole world is passing at this time, gives to the present a seeming all-importance so demanding that the great majority of people will give way to its insistence. Never has it been so necessary that a few preserve "the long view", that a few remember that present day events are not to be blamed upon one man, or upon one nation, and that there is ahead, a future which will be the most difficult period of reconstruction that can be imagined. As a writer of to-day has expressed it: "Are we to seek to preserve the old way of living, the complacent go-as-you-please attitude to our neighbours, the what-do-I-get-out-of-it outlook upon work and play, trade and profession? Or will cessation of war mean our unshackling from old habits, bad customs and worn deeds: will it mean freedom from anxiety and selfishness, freedom of understanding between men and nations?" That patriot's devotion is most useful which is sufficiently intelligent to understand, to admit, and to seek to right the wrongs of the past.

Above all we must bring to our task faith in the future—faith that God will show us how we can direct all our instincts and longings into actions. I will close with the words quoted by His Majesty the King in an Empire Broadcast:

Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.

And he replied—

Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.

That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."

The Seniors

Prefects



VIRGINIA CLUSE

JANE HOLT

MARGERY ANN MCKEE

JANET MORRISSEY

VIRGINIA CLUSE '39-'41

"The loose train of thy amber drooping hair"
Head of Montcalm '40-'41, Glee Club '40-'41,

Basketball '39-'40, Hockey '40-'41, Science Club '40-'41.

Jenny is an excellent swimmer, and has put the Life Savers through their exams for two successive years. She is a good sport, and plays games well. As Prefect and Head of Montcalm, Jenny has had great responsibility, and her House has done well.

JANE HOLT '36-'41

"Her personality will take her far".

Choir '36-'41, Glee Club '40-'41, Basketball '38-'41, Hockey '38-'41, Science Club '40-'41, Dramatics '36-'41, Debating '40-'41, Head of Macdonald '40-'41.

"Pam" is a good all-round athlete, and a good sport. She has made a fine prefect, whom we all like very much. Pam is full of fun and is always "on the go". She is an actress of distinction, and musical too. We shall all miss our "bell-ringer" next year.

MARGERY ANN MCKEE '36-'41

"She that hath a merry heart hath a continual feast."

Basketball '38-'41, Hockey '38-'41, Sports Captain '40-'41.

Gerry is the representative for knitting in the Junior Red Cross, and she is always willing to help others when they drop stitches. She takes part in all sports. Her great ambition is to be a scientist.

JANET MORRISSEY '35-'41

"I challenge Falsehood, Fear and Wrong,
But laughter is my shield."

Choir '39-'41, Glee Club '39-'41, Literary Society '38, Camera Club '39-'40, Science Club '40-'41, Dramatics '35-'41, Head of Charities '40-'41, Hockey '39, Head of Rideau.

"Jane-it" as we call her, has made a splendid Prefect and Head of Rideau. Admired and well-liked by all, she has exerted her influence with great success. Excellent in dramatics, she has played some good roles this year as well as in previous years. Her activities are many, and her ambition is to get overseas.



Class Prophecy

(Matriculation and High School Leaving)

One day about 2,500 years ago, I sat down on a stone in the wilderness. Having submitted to my passion for mathematics, I was fiercely making a calculation of the stars (it had not yet been done), when my dear friend Aristotle appeared. He told me that he had just caught a glimpse of a year which he believed would be the most important in the history of the universe. This year, 1951 A.D., impressed him because twenty-one girls of the oddest assortment had finished school just ten years before, in a remote corner of the earth called Compton. I asked him to tell me all about it, so he proceeded to describe the vague pictures of these twenty-one queer personalities, just as they had appeared to him in his vision.

Janet Morrissey, he said, was singing something about polka dots while picking daffodils on an iceberg somewhere off the coast of Java. *Diana Charleson* was tutoring Einstein, *Jenny Cluse* was the matron of The Stray Children's Home, and *Joyce Carr* was modelling false teeth in Woolworth's. *Pam Waldie* was still engaged to R.?, and *Anne Duncanson* was selling "Dunc's Sure Cure for Everything", a round tablet twelve feet in diameter. *Lavinia Jones*, the hair stylist, was using some sort of musician for her experiments. *Ina Charleson* was special nurse and companion to the elderly *Miss Hethelberta Hees Haas*, known by intimate friends as *Suzie*. *Anne Fox* was

singing on the Children's Hour, the children fondly calling her the Blue Fairy. *Gerry McKee's* Aunt Gertie was cook and Gerry was food container at McGoit's Coib Soivice. *Ellen McCrea* was looking for a one-way ticket to Hamilton, and *Sheila Little* was an automatic consumer of orange peels in the kitchen of the Waldorf-Astoria. Owing to a flaming radiance which frequently passes over the countenance of *Marcia Drake-Brockman*, the poor girl had been pursued and seized by the entire police force, and was being used as a very efficient traffic light on Broadway. *Mary Molson* had already died of overwork, but she didn't mind a bit because she had a 1,000 volt neon halo. *Dione Ryder* was a commentator on the B.B.C., and *Margaret Williams* was successor to Dorothy Dix. *Edie Fallon* was playing the lead in a great stage success, "The Exhausted Lady". *Bridget Holt*, for no reason at all, was driving a milk wagon down Piccadilly and singing "She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain". While *Frances Kelley* was delivering groceries between Compton and Compton, *Pam Holt* was having a news short flashed on all screens in America—"Flash, flash! *Holt matriculates!*"

N.B.—Aristotle was not *always* right. Cheer up!

ELLEN MCCREA.

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McGill Matriculation

Senior

INA CHARLESON '40-'41

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Debating '40-'41.

Ina's winning smile and good sportsmanship have made her a favorite among this year's Matrics. She is a splendid skier. Excellent in her work, and with a keen desire to get ahead, Ina plans to study law, and we all know that she will make a splendid success of it.

Junior

DIANA CHARLESON '40-'41

"The right hand of fellowship".

Debating '40-'41.

Diana came from Switzerland, and so she is an excellent skier. She also speaks French fluently, and has been of great assistance to Mademoiselle Cailteux by helping to take charge of the French tables. Diana is going into Medicine at McGill next fall.

ANNE DUNCANSON '39-'41

"Her angel's face,

As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

Glee Club '39-'41, Choir '39-'41, Hockey '39-'40, Basketball '40-'41, Science Club '41.

Although "Dunkie's" angelic countenance may deceive many, we know that she gets plenty of fun out of life. She is good at music, and at all sports, being in the badminton finals.

ANN FOX '39-'41

"You are like a flower.
So sweet and pure and fair."

Glee Club '39-'41, Choir '39-'41, Science Club '41.

Ann, known to all as "Pude", is very much interested in singing. Last year she started skiing, but could not keep it up this year because of illness. She is from Ventnor, U.S.A., and has the South Jersey accent. Ann now spends her time trying to knit socks for the Air Force!

SUZANNE HAAS '38-'41

"The smile that won't come off."

Magazine Editor, '41, Hockey '38-'41, Basketball '38-'41, Form Captain '40-'41, Debating '40-'41.

"Suzie" is our all-round girl. Active in almost everything, and a good sport, she always has a bright smile for everyone. Suzie is particularly talented in dramatics. Her special hobby is writing letters.

FRANCES KELLY '38-'41

"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Choir '38-'41, Glee Club '38-'41.

"Frannie" is one of our best badminton players. Although she has lived at home all during her time at King's Hall, she is known and liked by everyone. Even her illness this year has not kept her from taking a keen part in school life.





ELLEN MCCREA '38-'41

"I have the feeling that once I am at home again I shall need to sleep three weeks on end to get rested from the rest I've had."

Choir '39-'41.

Commonly known as "Hatchet", this red-head has been with us three years; we shall all miss her cheery "Hi", her fun, occasional lively spirit, and her jokes. Her ambition, we have discovered, is to become the future Mrs. ? ?



PAMELA WALDIE '40-'41

"Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much" Hockey '40-'41, Science Club '41.

"Pam" started the year in VI-A, but was found ready for Matric. work. She is a good athlete and a student. Her home is in Edinburgh; while on this side of the Atlantic, she is living in New York City.



MARGARET WILLIAMS '39-'41

"Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way."

Glee Club '40-'41, Choir '40-'41, Basketball '40-'41.

We call her "Willie," and we like her for her good sportsmanship and ready laughter. Her favourite pastime is cutting her hair. She is a good skier, and is taking her life saving. She knows what she wants out of life and intends to get it.



JOYCE CARR '39-'41

"After love—book collecting is the most exhilarating sport of all."

Science Club '41, First Aid '41, Debating '41.

During her two years here, Joyce has taken a keen interest in all school activities, and has been especially distinguished in debating this year. Usually the first to find out anything, she keeps the class well informed, and has a passion for receiving mail. Her plans for next year are unsettled.



MARCIA DRAKE-BROCKMAN '40-'41

"All the world's a stage."

Debating '40-'41.

Marcia is an English girl who has been here a year. She is very much interested in dramatics, and has given us all great pleasure in her many fine performances. She loves riding, and has a horse in England. Her third great interest in life is the Navy.



EDYTHE FALLON '39-'41

"In every deed of mischief she had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute".

Basketball '40-'41, Hockey '39-'41, Dramatics '39-'41, Debating '40-'41.

"Edie" is very good at sports. Her speed makes her a great hockey and basketball player. She has done wonders in her studies by her strong will power. She is full of fun and pranks, and we all like her for her smile and cheeriness. Edie will be missed next year.



BRIDGET HOLT '40-'41

"A horse ! A horse ! My kingdom for a horse !"

Bridget is one of the English girls attending King's Hall. She is well liked among the girls. Riding is her chief hobby, but she is also a fair tennis player, and when out of school, an ardent movie-goer.



LAVINIA JONES '40-'41

"Unlike my subject, now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long."

Debating '41.

Lavinia's nickname is "Pocohontas". She has been with us for only a year, but we have all come to like her very much for her wit and good humour. She also has an admirer who has written her a song. This she appreciates, for she is quite a musician herself.



SHEILA LITTLE '37-'41

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding
of the hands to sleep."

Choir '39-'41, Glee Club '39-'41, Science Club '40-'41, Tennis Champion '40-'41, Hockey '39-'41.

Sheila just loves bed, her worst enemy being the rising bell. She has taken an active part in the School's choral work and sports, and is an accomplished acrobat. For a pastime, Sheila whacks at the typewriter and bicycles around the countryside.



MARY MOLSON '37-'41

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

Glee Club '39-'41, Choir '39-'41, Basketball '38-'41, Hockey '38-'41.

Good at all sports, and always with a smile, Mary has helped us enjoy life at Compton. We shall all miss her terribly, and wish she were coming back next year.



DIONE RYDER '40-'41

"Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labour
and to wait."

Science Club '40-'41.

Dione, one of our English guests, is very capable with head and hands. Her greatest interest is cooking; several times she and the other girls of her class have served lunch for Miss Gillard. Dione also excels in sewing and knitting, and plays the piano very well.



Class History

"How we laughed as we laboured together . . ."

The opening event of our history was in 1935. It was in that year that Janet arrived. After struggling through one year all by herself, she was joined by Gerry. The following year they welcomed the arrival of many new classmates. That year the class was noted for its riotous escapades and lack of brains. The sole survivors of the newcomers are "Mare" and Sheila.

How most of us got to VI-B is still an unsolved mystery. Fortunately, however, Suzie, "Hatchet", and Kelley came to the rescue and slightly raised the standard of our form. A number of other events took place during that year, but we feel it wiser not to mention them—for various reasons.

The next year we were swamped by the arrival of Jenny, "Dunky," "Pude", "Mugs", Joyce and Edie. We were under the powerful domination of Miss Huntley that year, and as our reputation had reached her ears, she was well prepared to cope with us. Many great reforms

were effected during that time. Then it was we learned of Miss Huntley's departure with much regret, and many of us feared we had been too much for her. Others of our number departed also last year, being incapable of standing further strain.

Now we come to the last stage of our history. This year there has been a great "English Invasion" in the persons of Ina and Diana, Bridget, Lavinia, Marcia, Dione and Waldie. Pam, one of last years' "left-overs", came back too, to join us. Miss Leonard has been our guardian throughout the past year and we hope she has not lost too many nights' sleep over us. Mathematics seems to be our chief worry and we fear that we have caused much anxiety among the mistresses, as to whether the writing of our matric. exams will prove a Waterloo.

FRANCES KELLEY.

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School Calendar

MICHAELMAS TERM

Sept. 11	Michaelmas Term. School opened.
Oct. 5	Miss Hood's Violin Ensemble.
Oct. 11	Thanksgiving Week-end.
Oct. 14	B.C.S. Tea Dance.
Oct. 22	Community Concert. Malcolm & Godden, Pianists.
Nov. 2	Half-Term Holiday.
Nov. 2	Hallowe'en Party.
Nov. 13	Ground Hockey Match, B.C.S. versus K.H.C.
Nov. 22	School Dance.
Nov. 25	Middle School Concert.
Nov. 29	Swimming Meet.
Nov. 30	B.C.S. Plays.
Dec. 3	Community Concert, La Meri Dance Recital.
Dec. 15	Christmas Cantata.
Dec. 18	Christmas Holidays.

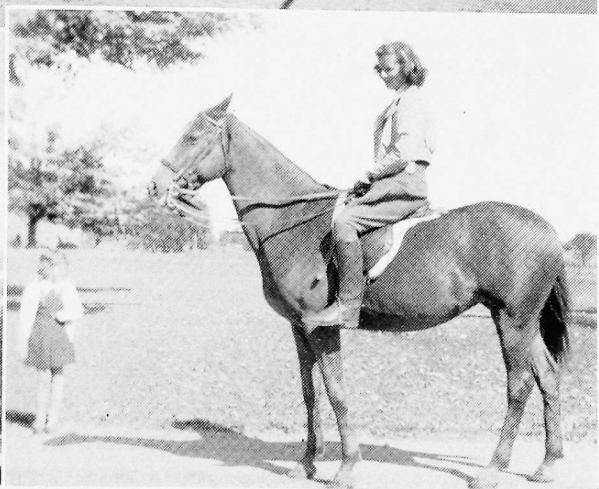
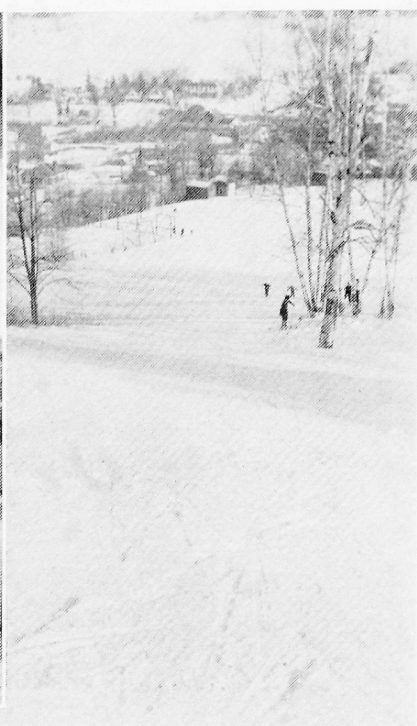
LENT TERM

Jan. 14	School opened.
Jan. 15	Lecture and Slides (Miss Hazel and Miss Sales).
Jan. 21	Coloured Movies of Canada (Bishop of Quebec).

Feb. 5	Lecture, Bishop of the Arctic.
Feb. 9	Juniors' Recital.
Feb. 22	Violin and Song Concert, Dr. and Mrs. Raven.
Mar. 8	Half-Holiday.
Mar. 9	Choir Sang at Coaticook.
Mar. 14	Sleigh Ride.
Mar. 16	Dr. and Mrs. Raven returned.
Apr. 1	Easter Holidays.

TRINITY TERM

Apr. 15	School Opened.
Apr. 21	U.B.C. Play.
Apr. 25	Patience, B.C.S.
Apr. 27	Glee Club Sang in Sherbrooke.
May 6	Community Concert, Anna Kaskas, Contralto.
May 11	Junior Recital.
May 13	Three School Plays for B.C.S. audience.
May 23	Gym Demonstration.
May 24	Holiday Week-end.
May 25	Confirmation.
June 7	Acquacade.
June 10	Closing.



The Dear

A LECTURE

Bishop Carrington last fall came to King's Hall with a number of the most interesting moving pictures showing us beautiful scenery of the Rockies and pictures taken on his visits to the farther west where parts of the country are barely civilized, though nature there is at its best. With these excellent views of his travels, the Bishop gave us an interesting talk in which we learned about the missionaries and other Christian work out west—thus the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody.

VIRGINIA CLUSE, *Matric.*

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MUSIC

"Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments do play about mine ears."—*Tempest*

There are many girls here, juniors and seniors, who take music lessons. Some enjoy singing, others piano, and some both. These girls have contributed much pleasure to the rest of the school by their recitals during the year, recitals that were a success only by diligent and constant practice. The juniors gave several recitals during the year. The seniors gave a recital for the benefit of the Red Cross.

EDYTHE FALLON, H.S.L.

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BISHOP FLEMING'S VISIT

During the Easter term Bishop Fleming, widely known as the "Bishop of the Arctic", came to visit us. He showed us slides of the Eastern Arctic and Greenland. They were very interesting and showed some beautiful scenes. The coloured slides showed the beauty of the sunsets and the cloud reflections in the Arctic.

As we were introduced to Bishop Fleming he seemed to have something nice to say to each of us—and to finish it all he promised us a half holiday.

NORMA TASCHEREAU, VI-A.

LECTURE

One evening in February, we were very fortunate in hearing a lecture by Miss Hasell and Miss Sale, on the work which is being done out west by the Sunday School vans. Miss Hasell talked to us, while Miss Sale showed us some lovely slides, taken on their tour last summer. The lecture was very interesting, particularly so as some King's Hall old girls have been on tours such as they described. It impressed us to know of the great work they are doing among the people of the Peace River district and neighbouring territory, in bringing Sunday School to those who live where there are even no churches.

We sincerely hope that Miss Hasell and Miss Sale will visit us again in the near future.

ANNA MARTIN, VI-A.

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CONCERTS IN SHERBROOKE

This year there were three community concerts held in the Granada Theatre in Sherbrooke, which a great many of the girls attended. The first was a double piano recital by Malcolm and Godden, in which were played some very interesting and pleasing compositions. One which amused us very much was a composition of their own, written in the style of Handel which turned out to be—*Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf*.

In February came La Meri who gave an exhibition of various kinds of dancing. One of the numbers most popular with the audience was *The Rag Doll*.

The last recital presented a well-known Metropolitan opera singer, Miss Anna Kaskas, who sang many beautiful songs, among them Brahms' *Lullaby*, and in conclusion *The Lord's Prayer*.

ANNE DUNCANSON, *Matric.*

THE DANCE

At last the morning was over—King's Hall was in a picturesque disorder, if one might possibly put it that way ! Evening dresses were hung up all over the place and girls were running around, some with their hair up, and others in the middle of washing it. Soap bubbles were flying around the bathrooms and water was spilt all over the floor. There were shouts of excitement as well as of people fighting as to who was to have the next basin or bathtub.

Soon the confusion died down and everyone retired to her room to rest before dinner.

But I'm afraid very few people rested ! They were trying on their dresses and thinking how nice they looked in them after two or three weeks of dieting.

Finally boys' voices were heard downstairs and after the final touching-ups, King's Hall tramped down the stairs looking slim and glamorous !

The reception committee was lined up in the door to receive the guests, while the others filed up to the gym which was decorated with balloons and streamers. The orchestra was on a platform placed at the far end of the room.

It really almost looked as if we were in the outside world once more !

There were refreshments served at 11.00 and it wasn't till one that we were seen tramping out of the gym, to the foot of the stairs, where we all gathered in the hall to say good-night and thank you to our dates.

FRANCOISE RAYMOND, VI A.

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A CONCERT

Dr. and Mrs. Raven, who are giving concerts in aid of the British War Relief, came to King's Hall on one cold Saturday in February. Dr. Raven has been court violinist to King Edward VII and was also for some time with the Toronto Symphony, so we were honoured to have him play for us. The favourite piece was a gavotte by Gossee and the program included *Ave Maria* and some compositions of his own. Mrs. Raven accompanied him, and herself sang a few numbers,

the most appreciated of which was *If no one ever marries me*. She was also kind enough to sing for us in church on Sunday. We enjoyed their performance very much and they must have liked us as they came back a few weeks later and gave an informal entertainment in the lounge.

DIONE RYDER, H.S.L.

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ART

At the opening of this school year, all art classes studied color theory and made booklets. October 31 soon rolled around—juniors, intermediates and seniors all lending a hand to Hallowe'en decorations consisting of murals of strange ghosts and witches, also centre figures and place cards for the table. Other interesting pieces of work were done by Joan Davidson, who excelled in charcoal work and costume designing. Linoleum cuts for Christmas cards ended the term.

Among our junior forms we have very promising and enthusiastic young artists; during the second term they did designs on paper plates, potato cuts and modelling. The middle school worked on picture appreciation, designs for knitting bags, and handsome leather work. The senior class was divided into practical and theory. In the practical division, they studied designs in stencil; in the theory, they studied principles of design, making scrap books.

The warm sunny days soon appeared and Art this spring term is very progressive in the studio. The juniors are working hard on a mural decoration of "Spring" to fit over the studio window, the middle school on designs for British Empire posters, and the seniors are learning now to use the pencil skilfully on lettering and design.

A special art class, in progress all year, has many talented members; they have worked on outdoor sketches, still life and compositions in color. The studio also has been the scene of much activity in free projects for geography.

VIRGINIA CLUSE, *Matric.*

FIRST AID

In the Easter term of this year the majority of the girls took first aid courses. The "over fifteens" were instructed by Dr. Klinck from Lennoxville and the others by Miss Wright, to whom we extend our heartiest thanks. Our thanks also go to Miss Newton who looked after the practical instruction and to Dr. Lynch, who examined us.

The older girls took the St. John's Ambulance course for adults; that of the others was similar but taken in less detail. Apart from actual first aid we learned considerable physiology and anatomy. Dr. Klinck brought a real skeleton which caused a great sensation and looked very gruesome, as it swung gently in the breeze from an open window.

We all enjoyed the lectures greatly and feel sure that our knowledge will be appreciated in future years. All candidates obtained excellent marks.

PAMELA WALDIE, *Matric.*

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THE SCIENCE CLUB

At the beginning of the year there was an expressed wish from the senior class in Biology to bring all sciences and all classes into one group. Miss Wallace organized a club *Bela Sigma Kappa Pi* and we started with a ten gallon tank containing four goldfish, a newt which soon died, snails, one of which went down the drain and two turtles *Timothy* and *Tom*. This aquarium stands in the glass passage where it holds much interest for passers-by. A committee was formed consisting of Anne Fox, Anne Duncanson and Virginia Cluse to plan the meetings, read different science articles and give speeches, as Anne Duncanson did by paying a tribute to Dr. Barting. The "roll" is usually taken by Pamela Waldie. Outside the meetings the club shows moving pictures on subjects in Biology, Chemistry and Physics.

A poster was made announcing that there would be competitions in scrap books, photography and essays. The winners will not be known until June.

The aims of the club are to learn how science is meeting with present day needs, and to give members practice in expressing themselves. It also leads to professional outlets that would otherwise not have been developed. This year is the beginning of the club and we, the committee, sincerely hope that it will continue to progress, reaching farther into the fields of science and becoming more worthwhile.

VIRGINIA CLUSE, *Matric.*

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DEBATING

Have you ever noticed that frequently the person who is an arguer on general subjects is not always the one who can think out a direct and constructive argument on a given subject? This year the three upper forms have given three debates. The first two were formal ones won by VI-A and the Matric forms respectively. The championship debate was carried out in parliamentary form on the resolution: "Modern advertising is harmful to society." The Matric form won, proving the affirmative, but both sides presented some strong and well constructed arguments.

Preliminary debates were also held in the form rooms to familiarize those participating in the finals with the procedure of a formal or parliamentary debate. The experience was very useful to us all, helping to teach us the distinct difference between good and bad argument.

ANN EWENS, VI-A.

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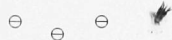
THE SENIOR RECITAL

The senior recital was held on Sunday, March 23. Thanks to the high standard of all the players and a few outstanding performances, the evening proved very enjoyable.

Piano solos constituted the greater part of the entertainment, but there were three songs among the items, one in German, rendered by Jane Holt. In the midst of these musical numbers,

Marcia Drake-Brockman's reading of a cutting from *The White Cliffs* was very much appreciated. The recital came to a close with the performance of Bach's *Where Sheep May Safely Graze* on two pianos by Lavinia Jones and Ina Charleson. The proceeds of the evening, about twenty dollars, went to the Canadian War Services Fund.

DIANA CHARLESON, *Matric.*



DISCUSSION OF DRAMATICS

Throughout the year some twenty plays have been produced by the various forms and the general standard has been high. The large majority of the plays were comedy, and only two or three were tragedies. Apart from these new plays several former successes have been revived.

During the Christmas term four plays were produced which, although not so good as some produced later, were all enjoyable. V-A staged *The Sentimental Scarecrow*, which was very well acted and had most attractive scenery and costumes. *Six Who Pass while the Lentils Boil* was not only one of the best plays that term, but also of the year; Hope Davidson was excellent as Sir David Littleboy and June Peverly as the Ballad Singer. VI-A put on a very charming play, *Sparks*, with Sylvia Oakley playing the leading role. The last of the plays for that term was a cutting from *She Stoops to Conquer*, done by the senior form.

In the last term VI-A produced *A New School For Wives* which proved very amusing and was extremely well done. The senior form put on *The Boy Comes Home* with Janet Morrissey and Margaret Williams playing nephew and uncle James respectively; both girls acted their parts well and the play was very entertaining. The juniors staged and wrote their own play based on the story of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*, and it was a great success. For Mr. Ritterhouse's visit the juniors put on *The Princess and the Pirate* which was as good as their first play. VI-A staged *White Iris* in which Anna Martin played her part with beautiful control and sincerity. The seniors produced the tavern scene after the robbery at Gadshill from *Henry IV*, in which

Mary Molson was a most realistic and amusing Falstaff.

The outstanding play of the summer term was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, done by VI-B, V-B and the juniors. This was not only extremely well acted but, in addition a very pretty production. Helen Des Brisay was outstanding as Bottom, as also were Jocelyn Pangman as Peter Quince, Jean Dodds as Oberon and Sheena Macintosh as Titania. For B.C.S. VI-A revived *A New School for Wives* which was as much liked by the boys as by the girls; Xanthe Ryder as Mr. Dunlap, Agnes Good as Roberta Vance and Elizabeth Johnson as Cecile Pendleton certainly made the audience laugh. VI-A also put on *A Mirror to Elizabeth*, in which Anna Martin played Queen Elizabeth and was excellent. The senior form staged *Joint Owners in Spain*, which had also been done at Coaticook in the Christmas term, and was on both occasions a success, with Suzanne Haas and Janet Morrissey taking the leading parts.

Taken as a whole the year has seen a very fair number of plays worked on and those who take dramatics are very keen. Although it has been impossible to mention all the plays here, all were most entertaining and enjoyable.

M. DRAKE-BROCKMAN, H.S.L.



U.B.C. and B.C.S. PLAYS

This year Mr. Grier, as usual, kindly asked us to all the performances presented by B.C.S. During the first term the school entertained us with three plays, one of which was a cutting from the *Tale of Two Cities*, and two comedies. Noel Coward's comedy was most amusing. Every spring for the last few years, the boys have presented a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; this year they put on *Patience*. The parts were all well taken; Lady Jane particularly fascinated me.

In the first term the University presented three plays which the prefects and elocution students attended. On April 21, the School enjoyed an evening at U.B.C. *The Late Christopher Bean* was well acted, directed by Dixon Kenwin.

MARY MOLSON, H.S.L.

CHRISTMAS PLAY AND CAROL SINGING

On the last Sunday of the Christmas term we had a Christmas play called *Why the Chimes Rang* presented by girls of various forms. After the play all the girls joined in a Christmas Cantata in which the soloists were Jane Holt, Joyce Birks, Eileen Birks and Margaret Anne Forbes. The different forms sang different parts and songs in this Cantata.

After the Cantata was finished there was Carol singing. Miss Rootham accompanied us and we all enjoyed it. When we had sung most of the Christmas carols, the mistresses were presented with their presents by various girls.

After the gifts had all been shown around we all went up to bed. Everyone was still singing as we got ready for bed. When our lights were turned out we all slept soundly until the clanging of the bell on Monday morning.

DORIS CRABTREE, V-A.

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THE GLEE CLUB AT SHERBROOKE

On Sunday evening, April 27, Mrs. Bell very kindly asked the Glee Club to sing at Trinity United Church in Sherbrooke. We all left here in a bus about a quarter to six, and after a bumpy ride arrived at the church about six-fifteen. We put on our gowns, and practised coming in and out of our seats, then went over the anthem.

The service began at seven o'clock with the hymn *Onward Christian Soldiers*. Miss Louise Masten sang a solo, which was extremely good. Then, shaking in our shoes, we sang the anthem *He Watching Over Israel*, by Mendelssohn. After the service Mrs. Bell took us downstairs and gave us delicious home-made bread and cake and very nice coffee. Our attraction must have been magnetic as the minister told us that the congregation was three times what it usually is.

We scrambled into the bus and had a very quiet trip home where we found that Miss Gillard had ordered a gorgeous supper for us.

Wasn't it lovely to get to bed! But it was great fun, and let's hope we will be asked next year.

ELIZABETH STUART, VI-A.

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THE VIOLIN ENSEMBLE

In October Miss Hood and her violin ensemble came to play for us. There were four violinists altogether. Some of the selections were *Liebesfreud*, by Kreisler, *The Flight of the Bumble Bee*, and *The Londonderry Air*. This last was very popular with the girls, and had to be played over and over again.

ANGELITA GUIROLA, VI-A.

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THE SLEIGH RIDE

In the winter term the annual sleigh ride took place. It was 7 p.m. when we all piled into the four sleighs which were waiting for us outside. Practically the whole school was going, for many of the mistresses came too.

Before we had gone very far some of us jumped off our sleigh and started to walk behind it. We were soon left behind, but that did not worry us as there was still another sleigh to come and we thought we would be able to get on to that when it caught up with us. Before long it did catch up but unfortunately for us there was no room. This meant we would have to walk the rest of the way until we met the other sleighs coming back!

We eventually arrived at the bottom of Moe's River Hill and there we caught up with the last sleigh. Then some of the girls got off so that we could get on as by this time we were all very tired.

Soon the sleighs turned around and then we all distributed ourselves so that there was room for everyone. On the way back we sang songs and talked. The moon was beginning to rise and its reflection on the snow was very lovely.

When we arrived at school we had hot-dogs and coca-cola. Everything tasted so good!

After this we went up to the gym and watched a basketball game between the mistresses and our team. After quite a fight the mistresses won. It was a very good game.

When this was over we went to bed at the end of a wonderful evening.

JANETTE RILEY, VI-B.

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HALLOWE'EN

The Hallowe'en party was a great success and everybody thoroughly enjoyed herself.

After an enormous supper of hot-dogs and ice cream in the dining-room, which had been decorated with weird and wonderful pictures of witches and ghosts, everybody arrayed herself in her costume and went up to the "Stardust Roof", alias the old gym, where the "Tophattes" under the leadership of Jane Holt, were already in full swing of combs, kazoos and such-like instruments.

The Grand Parade started almost at once and the judges had great difficulty in choosing the best costumes as there were many original and amusing ones. Some of the best were "Daisy Daisy", "Miss Gillard's Pet Hates" and "Gossip at King's Hall".

The audience was next entertained by the singing of the "Pied Piper" and later by the orchestra's guest star, Anne Fox. The floor show was a great success and the performers were each called for several encores. After a little light refreshment and the distribution of presents to the Staff, everybody danced and the whole school went to bed in a very gay mood.

BRIDGET HOLT, H.S.L.

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THE TEA DANCE

On October 14, after the rushed week-end of Thanksgiving, when B.C.S. and K.H.C. overran Sherbrooke, B.C.S. gave a tea dance, which most of us girls attended. We went over in buses; as we went through the covered bridge there was much of "close your eyes, stick out your tongue, cross your fingers, and wiggle your toes"—if after all this one remembers to wish she is sup-

posed to get it. One of the chief wishes was to have at least one dance.

We sang as we were going over but as we neared B.C.S. there was silence, and everybody tried to act like a little lady, which we hope wasn't in vain.

We arrived around half past four, and went to the assembly hall where we danced. They had a six-piece orchestra, which was very good. After a while we went down and had something to eat, then we went up and danced again till about half past seven, when we got our coats and crowded into the buses, where we all fell asleep on each others shoulders and dreamed of the wonderful time we had, thanks to B.C.S.

ELAINE-ANN CASGRAIN, V-A.

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THE CHOIR IN COATICOOK

On March 9, the choir took its annual trip to sing in the Coaticook Anglican Church.

The members of the congregation were very kind in offering their cars for transportation, especially since on this particular morning snow was falling heavily. Never having been in Coaticook before, I remember my astonishment at the size and prosperity of the town, with its long business-like main street and attractive residential section.

We arrived there in time to get comfortably ready for the service, and upon entering the chancel in the processional, I was greeted with the sight of a very pretty church. The service while we were there was exceptional, as Sunday School pins were awarded to the members. Louis, a wide-eyed boy of twelve, came up to hold a banner. The pins also were given him to hold, but unfortunately, in attempting to peer around the banner and watch the proceedings, he spilled them. Much to his embarrassment, it required most of the other children to help in picking them up.

We returned to find that the congregation in our own church had actually needed its choir and we honestly appreciated the saying, *absence makes the heart grow fonder*.

SYLVIA OAKLEY, VI-A.



Sports

SPORTS

Considering all sports, I think that this year has been one of the most successful. A deeper interest has gone into everything, and the girls have not only worked hard at games but enjoyed them as well. Of course the odd person has enjoyed them too well, resulting in a few minor tragedies, but still . . .

I am sure that all the girls join with me in thanking Miss Keyzer and Miss Wright for their very valuable and ready advice.

GERRY MCKEE, *Sports Captain*.

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BASKETBALL

This year the house basketball games were played off in a different way. Each house entered a first and second team, first team winners receiving five points and second team, three. Macdonald won both first team games, and consequently won the series.

The form games were a hard struggle, and because of uneven winnings, a second round had to be played. In the first round, the 6-B's very nearly won. The Matrics finally became the happy and exhausted winners after beating 6-A by a very small margin.

JANE HOLT, *Matric*.

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SKIING - 1941

The skiing this year was very successful. We had fine weather and plenty of snow to fall into !

A great number of girls passed their ski-tests. Even the English girls, many of whom had never skied before, went out and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Those who had got so far as to be allowed off the "farm-hill" went across country to larger and more exciting slopes.

Three times a ski "pro" came out to instruct

us on how to slalom and christie, as well as on various other essential points.

But the greatest day was when a number of us went to North Hatley by bus. The weather was lovely and we had the hill practically to ourselves. The experts starting at the top, the the others at different levels, we spent a happy afternoon. Before going home we stopped at the "Hob-Nob" for something to eat.

Altogether skiing has been one of the greatest pleasures of this year.

JOCELYN PANGMAN, VI-B.

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SKATING

This year there was much enthusiasm on the part of the juniors for skating, but skiing seemed to take most of the older girls' time. A few of them, however, were often seen helping the little ones, who want to learn figure skating. The skating was especially good in February when the weather was not good for skiing. The ice was much better this year, and some of the mistresses were often seen on the rink. Next year we hope to start a skating club and give lessons.

FRANCES MACCHARLES, VI-A.

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TENNIS

The tennis this year was played with great enthusiasm, and even though several matches have not yet been played the singles last fall proved interesting for both the players and spectators. The junior singles resulted in Doris Crabtree as the winner, thus aiding Montcalm, while Rideau also scored when Sheila Little was the victor in the senior groups of singles.

ANNE FOX, *Matric*.

BADMINTON

During our middle and final terms, badminton racquets and bird feathers fly—badminton is in full swing at Compton.

From the smallest junior to the largest senior they find their way to the gym, full of enthusiasm.

The tournaments are great fun, and help to create friendly rivalry.

Our game may not be as true and fast as that of our great racquet champions of to-day, but we have many hours of fun and laughter. Anne Duncanson and Marie Norman have proved their ability by reaching the finals.

P. A. JACKES, VI-A.

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GYM DEMONSTRATION

The gym display was held on the night of May 23 this year, instead of on the afternoon of the Closing. It was found to be much more satisfactory for those who participated, as it was so much cooler, but unfortunately there were not as many spectators.

The display started with a Maypole which has not been used for a number of years. It was very effective with red, white and blue ribbons. The horse and rings were executed separately this year, and found to be more convenient for the audience. The juniors had a number of their own—tumbling to music—which was done very well. The program ended with Tactics, which were, as usual, a great success.

JANE HOLT, *Matric.*

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SWIMMING

The swimming pool has been used a good deal this year. Swimming classes were often held during gym classes. In these classes we were taught how to do the crawl and how to dive. Of course, there were times when we went in and did not have any classes but did what we wanted to do.

Besides going in for ordinary swims or for classes, a competition was held. It was last term and was between the different houses. Practically everybody entered into it. There were races in the crawl, the breast stroke, and

the back stroke. The competition also included stunts in the water, style swimming, diving and obstacle races. Montcalm was the house that won.

The pool has been used this term for life-saving classes. Any girl who wished could enter these classes.

Although swimming in the pool is a pleasure any time of the year, it is even more enjoyed during the last term on account of the hot weather.

HOPE DAVIDSON, VI-B.

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GROUND HOCKEY

We had a very fortunate season for hockey this year. Both the weather and grounds were in our favour, so that many matches were played.

Under the capable instruction of Miss Wright, the new girls soon learned how to play, and Form, House and School teams were organized.

In the form matches 6-A came out on top, having played and won games with 6-B and *Matric.*

MacDonald, after a hard struggle won the house games, thus putting them ahead in the running for the Sports Cup.

A game was played between the Staff and the pupils. The Staff turned out looking very cool in shorts, while we became hotter and hotter in our tunics. Some of the onlookers brought out the wheel chair and a pail of water with which to revive the Staff. Superstitious people said something was sure to happen, and unfortunately they were right. It was the first time the wheel chair had been brought out to the field and had to be used. Half way through the game, Miss Keyzer received quite a severe injury to her ankle and had to leave the field. Thus the game was cut short, but as the pupils were ahead in goals by quite a large margin, they were proclaimed the winners.

The climax of the season was the game played between K.H.C. and B.C.S. Both teams played roughly but well, and B.C.S. had a hard time winning. However the game ended with B.C.S. ahead by two goals.

M. CAMPBELL and
E. EDMENSON, VI-A.

Suzie The Koala Bear

There was an attractive Koala Bear,
Her eyes were so bright and her coat so fair,
But really she wasn't like other bears
For she lived in trees while they lived in fairs.



When Suzie, which was her rightful name
Came scrambling down, for she was quite tame,
She tripped in a birdies' nest in her haste
To reach the start and be up again chased.



She fell and she fell till she
reached the end,
Oh what a squeak through the
woods did she send
She wrinkled her face and a tear fell plop!
Then up she climbed to the tippity top.



M. Fulford V B

Literary Section

McGill Matriculation

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Christopher Wren, a man whose superb originality amazed the world of his time, received his opportunity to build after the Great Fire of London had already wiped one St. Paul's away. During his lifetime, he built fifty-three churches and other structures, St. Paul's Cathedral being his masterpiece; in fact, it is the greatest Protestant Church ever to be built in the world.

St. Paul's stands in a mist at a height overlooking the city—it dominates the chimney tops, steeples and the winding Thames with the circular dome signifying a great cause. I saw the edifice in all its glory—a numb feeling seized me as I gazed upon its unique form. I entered to find myself standing midst endless rows of seats with scattered figures humbly kneeling; lighted candles gave way to shadowed figures and tombs of some of England's greatest sons; and stately pillars arched a fan-shaped ceiling high above me, the floor beneath was cold and dark—the very thought frightened me.

At each step I saw the tombs of the dead and read the epitaphs round about me—then walking slowly forward with halting steps, hearing hollow clear echoes of each move, I entered the crypt where underneath lay the remains of an old Roman Cemetery. This crypt remained over hallowed ground until the "Blitz" of the nations began, when roaring planes descended dropping bombs upon the ancient cathedral—smashing, crashing and demolishing the great plan of one man, the endless hours of work of others, and destroying the beauty that had lived for years.

The destruction of this symbol has not moved the people of England. A question has been asked to which the future soon will answer—Do you know that three cathedrals have been dedicated to St. Paul on the same site? Will there be a fourth?

VIRGINIA CLUSE, *Matric.*

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

"Where do you come from?" I am asked. "Shawinigan Falls." "Never heard of it. Just a town I suppose." Ah me, my fair city dragged down to "just a town." Again, "You come from Shawinigan Falls do you? That's out west isn't it?" or "Shawinigan Falls! Don't tell me you're a Nova Scotian!" So many people have never heard of it; why, it is even in the geography books, but nobody seems to study geography any more.

The mail is given out; the Montreal paper is read by many but not the Shawinigan weekly. They make fun of it because it is half size and only a weekly. When I say it has twenty-four pages they say, "Twenty-four pages! Of course, half size, that makes six really." Down I go once more.

Again I am asked, "from Shawinigan are you, surely you know . . . who spent the summer there last year. You must, Shawinigan is such a small place." I am considered mentally deficient if I say I have never heard of the person. They seem to think I should know every inhabitant personally. I regret to say I do not have twenty-four thousand personal friends.

"Where are you going for the summer?" they ask. "Out to the lake". "Where's that, up north?" Of course not, it's ten miles from the city." Horrified visions of Maisonneuve or the like cloud their eyes. I explain it is really wilder than St. Sauveur or St. Marguerite. Then they jump to the conclusion that Shawinigan is a small Indian settlement in the wilderness and that I spend the summer travelling around in a birch-bark canoe!

Some day when I am not busy loafing I shall write a book about Shawinigan Falls which will be my revenge for all the agony and humiliation I have suffered because I come from a small but important city of Canada.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, *Matric.*

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO OUR POETS AND ARTISTS

What you perhaps didn't know about Aristotle
Is he couldn't write a thing without his whisky
bottle;

And the dark secret about Hogarth
Is that he always ate toffees in his bath;
We would like to inform you that Bobby
Browning

In the depth of his ideas was always drowning;
But all we deign say about Bill Wordsworth
Is that his verse should never have had birth;

The ghastly truth about Percy Bysshe
Is that even on Fridays he wouldn't eat fish;
What we shudder to tell you about El Greco
Is that in his youth he loved to neck . . . O . . .

Dare we broadcast that Van Dyck
Used to wear a tophat when riding his bike !
Just a stage whisper about Chaucer,
In the best of circles he drank from his saucer;
What we feel is our duty to let out about
Milton

Is that he Lost Paradise for a hunk of Stilton;
We can hardly speak of the fact that Renoir
Once went for a walk in his mother's peignoir.
So now if anybody brings up the Famous,
Don't blame us

If you're an ignoramus.

DIANA CHARLESON, *Matric.*

LAVINIA JONES, H.S.L.

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ODE TO A BLITZ-INGALE

(With apologies to John Keats)

My head aches, and a dizzy feeling saps
My strength, as though that bomb had knocked
me out,

Or tipped right out of my own bed, just perhaps
One minute past, I basement-wards was put to
rout.

'Tis not through envy of that Churchill's lot
But being too weary of thy victories—
That thou, black-moustached führer of the
Huns,

In some most vicious plot
Of hideous Blitz on homes and factories,
Singest of war with whistling bombs and guns.

INA CHARLESON, *Senior Matric.*

MEDITATIONS OF ?

(With apologies to Addison)

When I look upon the work of the matrices,
every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read
their attempts at composition, every inordinate
desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of
their geometry results, my heart melts with com-
passion; when I see the stupendous number of
failures, I consider the vanity of grieving for
those which must quickly follow; when I see
Prime Ministers deposed by opponents, when I
consider rival brains fighting it out for a Rhodes'
Scholarship, or the brilliant leaders that are
dividing this world with their conquests and de-
sires, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on
the little (?) competitions, distractions and mis-
takes of the matrices, when I read over the list
of the girls, of some that write their matricula-
tion this June, and the same, five years from
now, I consider that great day when they will
all of them be contemporaries and make their ap-
pearance at college together.

SUZANNE HAAS, *Matric.*

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TURN THE DIAL OF A RADIO AND

Ladies and gentlemen, here is a wonderful
NEW discovery and if you rub it on
your hands the "green hornet" ap-
pears starring in a new sensational
. Packard convertible coupe
and then loud like thunder the butter
is creamed before adding castor oil
. it's delicious, try a cow
peacefully sliding down an icicle .
. in a blue and orange striped box . . .
eventually appears good to the last
drop—Buy one to-day !
. Czechs (checks) first thing
every morning for a bad headache
. join in the fight with fresh
eggs so ends our programme 'till
next time ten centuries ago when
. we now bid goodnight turn
off the dial.

ANNE FOX and

V. CLUSE, *Matric.*

A Dream

"At dawn—a firing squad in the market place—these spies must be made an example of." The window panes rattled as the Fuehrer stormed up the room to his desk. A smart salute, a clicking of heels, a door softly closing, and the window panes settled down in their frames again, — but only for a short while. Soon loud snores were shaking the whole room . . . was it snores? Was it not rather the roar of an aeroplane engine?

Hitler turned round gingerly in his cramped position and observed a familiar profile in the pilot's seat:

"Ach, Lindbergh, mein Freund, this is indeed a pleasure! And where are we taking this little joyride to? I have lost my timetable, and I easily forget in what order my triumphal entries were arranged."

"Heil Hitler! We are going to London, mein Fuehrer. You have conquered the whole of Europe now. See, in the capitals of all these countries you have been acclaimed as triumphal liberator, Heil Hitler!"

"Quick, Lindbergh, quick. I must prepare my speech. Help me remember the immortal words that I pronounce on these occasions. This little trip to London has come rather late, and I have forgotten them."

"You come to liberate the oppressed English minority, mein Fuehrer, to give them beautiful cannons instead of the butter that no one wants. You have no more territorial ambitions in Europe. Now that the British warmongers are on their knees, you have concluded your glorious task of giving peace to Europe. Those Jewish leaders forced you into war, they made you kill thousands though you did not want to, they opposed your glorious new order, but now you are willing to forgive the poor, misled British people."

"That is good, Lindbergh, those original ideas ring very true—We reach the channel soon? We must cross it on our magnificent 'ersatz' rubber skis. Dear Hess forgot to come back and teach me the technique of landing by parachute, and I do not like that idea anyway. I might

hurt my ankle. It is too inconspicuous in any case; they would not know exactly where I was landing, and they could not bring up the bands and cheerers and loud speakers without keeping me waiting. No, that would not do. An arrival by sea, with the might of our huge navy arrayed around us, will be much more imposing."

In the silence that followed, Hitler attempted to cool his overheated brain by gazing at the scenery unfolding below him—in the distance the dim blue line of the Channel could already be seen. He was abruptly interrupted in his reflections by the pilot's alarmed cry:

"My goodness, I thought you had had all the balloon barrages taken down along the coast."

"Ach, Lindbergh, you fool, that is no balloon barrage; that is only little Goering having a joyride like us, only he cannot fit inside the aeroplane, so he carries the motor outside on his own person."

Suddenly, just as the two occupants of the *Messerschmidt* had settled down from this false alarm, out of the blue a *Hurricane* came bearing down upon them, its guns trained in their direction and spitting fire. A confused roar filled the air, and a deep terrifying voice resounded in Hitler's ears, that hated voice of the Reich's enemy No. 1:

"We shall not flag nor fail, we shall go on till the end; we shall fight on land, sea, and in the air until that BAD man and his foul deeds and fouler doctrines are wiped off the earth."

Terrific explosions followed in quick succession. The glare and smoke blinded the Fuehrer as the *Messerschmidt* caught fire, and in an agony of terror he felt himself go hurtling down through the air. . . .

Hitler sat up abruptly, in a cold sweat. The building was rocking on its foundations as the scream of falling bombs and the deafening crash as they hit an objective, filled the air. In the distance the detonation of a dozen rifles going off at once filled a momentary lull . . . the firing squad had done its work.

DIANA CHARLESON, *Matric.*

"AND NOW THE DUSK IS FALLING . . ."

The sun had just set, and the last glimmers of an August sky were lighting up the horizon. "They're late," grunted a tall gentleman in a blue suit and bowler hat, as he wearily pushed his bike up the hill. Suddenly a loud wailing blast, coming from the regions of the local A.R.P. station broke the evening calm with its mournful cry. "I should hope so!" exclaimed the gentleman casting an indifferent glance skywards. "My turn at the L.D.V. post to-night; better hurry!" And with a fresh spurt of energy he turned into the driveway, past the immaculate white gate, and then disappeared into the house, to emerge half an hour later, resplendent in his khaki uniform, his forage cap precariously over one eye, and balancing a menacing-looking weapon on his shoulder. "Well, and how are things getting on," he grunted. A dull thud in the distance gave him the answer. "At it again," said the gentleman, and marched down the drive towards the look-out post. Meanwhile there was a great deal of activity above the clouds. A squadron of "Spitfires" hurried overhead in the direction of the last thud. Suddenly a battery of anti-aircraft guns opened fire with a mechanical "rat-tat-tat." Little white puffs of smoke appeared in the sky only to disappear again. Then the roar of engines became more distinct and one could perceive against the steel-blue of the evening sky, little points of silver and black rushing at each other like an army of hornets. And then a mass of black smoke hurtled down towards the ground—another to the credit of the R.A.F.!! The warning was heeded by the "jerries" who turned tail and made for the coast at top speed. A few minutes and the wailing note of the "all clear" assured everyone that danger was passed. The "Spitfires" roared back, twisting and turning as they went, their manner of letting the many witnesses know of their victory . . .

The shadows lengthened, darkness fell, searchlights were weaving strange patterns on the dark background of the sky. Not a glimmer of light showed anywhere. The silence was broken occasionally by the loud "Halt" of a military policeman asking people for their identity cards, when suddenly the siren shattered the deep quiet,

mournfully heralding the coming of the night bomber. Apart from the increased activity of the searchlights, and the sound of fighter-planes "going-up" no unusual excitement was manifested until the dull thud of explosions and the scream of whistling bombs showed that the Huns were at their job again. Despite the darkness a feeling of intense watchfulness pervaded the countryside—the feeling that every man was wide awake at his post, doing his duty. And so it continued all through the night; a wild medley of explosions, gunfire, and the roar of engines, until in the early hours of the morning the "all clear" brought an end to this fantastic symphony.

The gentleman in khaki wearily trudged up the drive. Ah! for a good cup of tea and well-earned sleep.

INA CHARLESON, *Senior Matric.*

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THIRTY-SIX

Backward glances bring again
Thoughts of peace remaining when
We haunted thirty-six.

Then our cove from storms about
Kept us safe and still, without
The harrying sounds of fray.

We saw the world in tumult spilled,
And yet ignored what trouble milled
Outside our own abode.

Life was but a happy play
To those who bear the brunt to-day.
We did not know it then.

We knew naught of nightly din,
Hours in darkness, thoughts of sin,
They were not ours, those dreads.

And we, not fools, went on our way,
Knowing that through night and day,
We would remain secure.

Yes we, not fools, kept out of gloom,
As thirty-six foresaw no doom,
It's future bright and clear.

Ah, thou our peace, our life, our best,
Where just we two had happy rest—
In thirty-six, our room!

SYLVIA OAKLEY
SUZANNE HAAS.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND

As the letter was originally written

Dear Mary:

I do not doubt that you are curious to know some of the details of life at King's Hall.

I shall tell you about my best friend, a girl from Cowville, who is typical of Compton. Her name is Floreen. She eats very little and thinks most of the time. She has blue eyes and blonde hair which grows so slowly that she has to cut it only once a year. She brushes her teeth eight times a day, and she never chews gum or wears lipstick, and never eats green apples or rolls down her black stockings. If from these facts she appears to be a prig let me explain that at times she is as crazy as any of us. Of course, she is not lacking in common sense. For instance she never sleeps in a draft or steps in mud puddles, and she wears nothing gaudy on Sundays, and always wears her tunic at the proper length. Until I saw her pick up an injured beetle and nurse it so that it can now walk and fly by itself, I would have called her an insect hater. She is also full of fun, a lover of hot weather and fresh air, just like you.

I am relieved to know that by the time this reaches you my exams will have been finished. I loathe them as much as you do.

With love,
Belinda.

The same letter after having been consored

Dear Ma—,

I doubt that you—know—the details of life—.

I shall tell you about my best friend, a—cow—, who is typical of Compton. Her name is Fl—ee—. She eats—most of the time. She has blue—hair—. Once a year She brushes her teeth—, and she—chews—lipstick and—eats—her black stockings.—let me explain that—she is—crazy—. Of course she is—lacking in common sense. For instance she—sleeps—in mud puddles,—wears nothing—on Sundays, and wears her tunic—until—it can—walk and fly by itself. I—have called her an insect—. She is also full of—hot—air, just like you.

I am relieved—that —this—has been finished. I loathe—you.—B-l-a.

ELLEN MCCREA, *Matric.*

School Houses

Rideau	Macdonald	Montcalm
J. Morrisey	J. Holt	V. Cluse
D. Charleson	E. Fallon	A. Fox
M. Drake-Brockman	J. Carr	M. Williams
B. Holt	S. Haas	J. Birks
D. Ryder	F. Kelley	A. Martin
S. Little	E. Bevan	F. MacCharles
M. Molson	N. Boyd	S. Oakley
G. McKee	H. Hooper	N. Taschereau
A. Duncanson	E. Johnson	B. Angus
E. Birks	J. Baker	H. Davidson
A. Ewens	E. Knutson	M. Norman
P. A. Jackes	N. Baldwin	D. Crabtree
R. Aitken	M. Forbes	S. Elder
M. Moore	S. Harrison	J. Aitken
J. Price	S. Mackintosh	E. Angus
E. Casgrain	V. Mackintosh	M. Campbell
J. Dodds	D. Deane	S. Stewart
J. Tudor-Hart	R. Kelly	H. DesBrisay
B. Webster	E. Holt	B. Pritchard
M. Byles	E. Gibb	J. Riley
R. Kelsey	J. Peverley	B. Scripture
M. Fulford	M. Todd	A. Torrance
J. Ewens	G. de Rothschild	P. Waldie
N. Hume	D. Southam	M. Beardmore
J. Pangman	L. Jones	A. Guirola
B. Ronalds	S. Sommerville	F. Raymond
X. Ryder	A. Good	B. Wheeler
E. Stewart	A. Hancock	A. Fowler
E. Edmenson	D. Tudor-Hart	R. Beck
E. Sewell	E. McCrea	A. Jarret
A. Cameron	I. Charleson	J. Emslie



High School Leaving

WE LAUGH AND GROW FAT

We wander one by one into the young ladies' Cooking Laboratory, ten minutes late (early for once).

Good morning, Miss Myth. What are we going to make to-day?

Now, girls, why are you so late again?

Philamena }
Evie } *Oh, Miss Myth!*
Diana }

Now girls, sit down. We have wasted enough time already. Now we are going to review jelly-making. All right . . .

Evie }
Diana } *Oh, Miss Myth. Do let us make*
Philamena } *some fudge!*

For this remark we get only a rather negative exasperated silence, broken by an exclamation from Diana: *That's a pity!*

Miss Myth continues on jelly making . . .

She writes a recipe on the blackboard and Diana takes advantage of the opportunity to snatch a handful of marshmallows from the supply table so that we may satisfy our craving stomachs. We are cramming them obliviously down our throats when Miss Myth turns and says:

Evie, will you tell what jelly is made of?

Evie, unable to answer, is swallowing furiously. Miss Myth sees us all in the same predicament, notices the empty plate and says:

Now, girls, I told you those marshmallows were for the next class—she continues on jelly making.

Diana suddenly thinks of a joke, whispers it to Evie, who exclaims: *Oh, how corny*, failing to appreciate the English sense of humour—then to Philamena, who roars loudly.

Evie seeing that all need a glass of water, volunteers to get some, only to seize on the way back, a few raisins, also from the supply table.

We sleep. Evie back in the States; Diana half way across the Atlantic and Philamena's mind a blank. Suddenly: *Sugar, butter—sugar, butter — butter — sugar* — materialized into the blank and she makes a wild dash to the supply table, only to have Miss Myth gaze in speechless

horror as Philamena inserts her finger, first in the butter, then in the sugar, and finally into her mouth, murmuring, *It's too divine!*

The first bell goes and Miss Myth says:

Now, girls, you know jelly-making (!), let's go over table service.

Evie has a bright idea: *I'll make an egg-nog.*

Please, Miss Myth, can I have an egg?

Now, Evie, there isn't time. We have to review.

Table service incited more interest than jelly-making and as usual Diana and Philamena, who are typically English, enter into a heated argument with Miss Myth as to which way one should pass dishes round the table. The discussion is interrupted by Evie feverishly beating up her egg-nog. Miss Myth is just about to reprimand her when the bell goes and she is forced to leave the task to another mistress. Philamena and Diana depart to a history class and Evie, having drunk her egg-nog, leaves for a music lesson, each saying as they leave the room: *Thank you, Miss Myth!*

EDIE FALLON,

LAVINIA JONES, DIONE RYDER, H.S.L.

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HOCKEY FEVER

I must get onto the hockey team, the team of gold and blue,

And all I ask is a strong stick, and a ball that's white and new,

And fast legs and a quick eye, and a light breeze blowing,

And a good game with a sporty team, and to come back glowing.

I must get onto the hockey team, for the piercing whistle's call

Is a clear call and a shrill call that is meant for one and all.

And all I ask is a sunny day and not a lot of falling,

A good game done, whether lost or won, when the tea bell's calling.

DIONE RYDER, H.S.L.



Fairies.

Fairies in a misty sky,
Drops of water,
Flying by;
Can't you hear them
Singing, singing,
Singing of a misty sky?
Some may sing of tulips fair.
Can't you hear them way
up there?

Judy Aithen. III A.

THE BIOLOGY LESSON

Oh, don't you just love biology?

It's so interesting.

There is Miss Wallace enjoying herself like mad,
Telling us that she's sure the rabbit's gone bad;
Bridget says she feels about to be sick,
And Marcia says, "Would you pass the powder
quick"

In sonorous tones, her gaze fixed on the skies,—
And Edie prods the liver, Sheila asks for the
eyes.

In fact, it's a pastime most delectable,
Even if not so very respectable,
And it's a lesson one can always rest in
If one'd rather *not* consider intestine;
And afterwards, though one has to mop up,
Don't you agree, it's fun to chop up?
Oh yes, I just *adore* biology—
It's so-o interesting!

LAVINIA JONES, H.S.L.

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I SHALL REMEMBER . .

I shall remember the comradeship and the
laughter best of all; the freedom and the sheer
happiness. I shall remember the view of Orford
at sunset and looking down from Windy Hill on
the valley bathed in sunlight.

I shall remember the ski tracks over new snow
and the cold wind rushing against me.

I shall remember the Spring with its rich
warm loveliness after the glittering beauty of
winter—the cherry and apple blossoms and the
weird shadows stealing across the long green
grass.

I shall remember the chatter of the dining
room and the confusion of the locker room. I
shall remember the bell ringing in the darkness
of winter mornings; the misty blueness of the
mountains and the sun on the hills in summer.

All this and much more I shall remember
"forty years on".

M. DRAKE-BROCKMAN, H.S.L.

THE STORM

There was no sound but the sullen lapping
of the waves against the rowboats moored to
the jetty. The lake which had been blue and
placid a few minutes before was now black
and foreboding, and topped with angry little
waves driven by the wind.

In the sky, great banks of dense grey clouds
formed like storm troopers waiting to attack.

Everything was still—with the stillness that
precedes a storm—quite suddenly a flash of
lightning streaked across the sky, and another
and another until the heavens rang with peals
of thunder.

Great white horses galloped across the lake,
their manes flying in the wind. A tree was
struck and fell into the water with a sickening
splash.

Then the rain began and fell in great sheets
until one almost imagined that the heavens had
burst. It was so thick that it hit the water with
a smashing sound instead of the usual soft
sound and turned the lake into a mass of brown,
swirling eddies.

Then almost as quickly as it had begun the
rain stopped and the wind swept the sky clear
and blue again, until only the memory of the
storm and the smell of rain on hot earth remained.

BRIDGET HOLT, H.S.L.

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COLUMBUS, THE BOY

SCENE I

*The scene takes place on an Italian waterfront.
Columbus, a boy of twelve years, is sitting on the
edge of the dock dangling his feet in the water. His
back is to the audience but a golden mass of curls,
swept by the wind from the sea, illuminates his
position among many sailors. From the boy's
stillness it can be seen that fantastic dreams of
mystery are being woven in his tiny head.*

*The dock is crowded with hardy sailors singing
and working, but one sailor is most conspicuous, not
only for his brawny, iron figure but for his wise
countenance and the respect given to him by his
fellows. He is known as Big Sailor. This mighty
creature calls Christopher Columbus his Little
Sailor.*

As the curtain rises the men are busy. Big Sailor notices Columbus' position and speaks to him in a gruff but kindly manner.

BIG SAILOR: I say there, my Little Sailor, how many times have I told thee not to sit over the edge of the dock. I don't want to be taking a corpse home to thy poor mother.

Big Sailor draws Christopher gently back by one of his curls.

Why the fish would swallow thee whole.

There is a post on the edge of the dock and Big Sailor sits down. His arm is around Little Sailor who stands beside him.

COLUMBUS: You know, Big Sailor, I wish I were a fish and then I could see the land so far away. People say that the earth is flat, but I don't think so. Mother just laughs at me when I say that it is round.

BIG SAILOR: What makes thee think that the earth is not flat?

COLUMBUS: I can't quite explain it but notice how the ships slowly disappear. If the world were flat they would fall over the great dam, if there is such a dam.

BIG SAILOR: Ah, my little one, people will jeer at thee for saying the earth is not flat when everyone knows that it is. But I'll tell thee a secret—a story that I heard long ago from an old sailor. Here, sit here, my boy—

Columbus sits with his back against the post and listens with a boy's curiosity to the tale of mystery.

I really shouldn't be telling thee because your mother will be angry with me.

COLUMBUS: Tell me, Big Sailor. I shan't say a word to mother.

BIG SAILOR: *He strokes the child's curls. The rest of the sailors seeing that Big Sailor is about to tell another of his tales, lounge over boxes and cease working.*

Well, old Eric as we called him, told me many tales, but the greatest was the story of the Norsemen who by the mistake of the great wind landed on another continent miles and miles away. Some land was bleak and bare and covered with snow, while other parts of the mysterious land were abundant with fruit such as was never tasted before.

COLUMBUS: And where was this great land?

BIG SAILOR: I don't know, but he seemed to think that it was on the other side of the world. There were no people there and they didn't stay. Only a few survived the trip homeward to tell of the wonderful adventure. But, Little Sailor, there is a continent somewhere to the west. *The sailors begin to rise and jeer at Big Sailor. They leave the dock.* Thou seest, Little Sailor, no one believes it, and perhaps I am wrong, perhaps old Eric was wrong.

COLUMBUS: Yes, I believe, Big Sailor. Oh, I do wish I were old enough to go to sea and had all the money and ships in the world to find that wonderful land.

BIG SAILOR: It won't take only money, my son, it will take believing. Thou wouldst have to find men who believed that there is another land.

But, then, it is best thou forget what I have told thee. Stay here and become a fine trader or whatever thy mother wishes. Now run along home as it is late and I must be off.

Big Sailor leaves the stage. Columbus remains alone, he leans on the post and puts his chin in his hands. A cool breeze from the sea blows across the wharf as the sun sets.

COLUMBUS: When I get older I shall sail, and sail and sail. I shall discover new land, new people. I shall discover because I believe.

CURTAIN

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SCENE II

The same wharf twenty years later—the wind is blowing towards the sea; the sun is rising and a man is standing beside the post with one foot on it. His hands are in hip pockets. From his attire one knows that he is ready for a voyage. The sailors are busy preparing a ship for departure. The man is not Little Sailor any more, but he is still the boy who so earnestly believed. A boy's voice is heard in the distance. A familiar voice. The one of Little Sailor.

"When I get older I shall sail and sail, and sail. I shall discover new land, new people. I shall discover because I believe."

CURTAIN

EDYTHE FALLON, H.S.L.

Intermediates

IF

"Moo" wasn't telling stories
 "Price" wasn't with "Moo"
 "Dot" wasn't talking
 "Scrip" wasn't asking questions
 "Deb" wasn't full of fun
 "Pritch" wasn't on the phone
 "Marie" wasn't riding
 "Tod" wasn't worrying
 "Bea" wasn't fighting with "Hank"
 "Pev" wasn't writing letters
 "Vicky" wasn't helping somebody
 "Marg" wasn't with "Marie"
 "Hume" wasn't with "Baldy"
 "Freddy" wasn't worrying about her figure
 "Rahna" wasn't talking baby talk
 "Gwen" was sitting up straight
 "Jocie" wasn't good natured
 "Cleo" wasn't swinging it with "Pritch"
 "Cuba" wasn't waiting for a letter
 "Six-B" wouldn't be "Six-B"

B. RONALDS, VI-B.

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MUSIC AT K.H.C.

What was that? Oh, don't worry, that was just the rising bell—music a little out of tune. You know, the kind of music that makes you squirm right down under the sheets! That's music at K.H.C.

Let's take a tour through the school after breakfast. Where are we now? Down in the practice rooms, of course! Don't worry about going deaf, that's only one of the singers slightly off pitch. With pianos all going at once, it sounds like a mad-house—swing here, classical there, opera another place. It sounds ghastly, but it is even worse for the player; she can't even tell when she has made a mistake.

Let's go above the practice rooms now, where V-A is having a class. Come in, they won't mind. Oh, look at the faces on them! No wonder! Have you ever heard a cat meowing on the back fence when you are trying to sleep? These poor girls

didn't get enough sleep last night so were trying to make up for it in class, when the yowling below stopped them.

It's dinner time now. We are trying to listen to the news. Oh dear, it has happened again, up in the gym this time; also out in the kitchen, dishes as per usual. Oh well, we can listen to the news on the radio. Now everything is quiet, but wait till prep. We're not bothered now because we are quite away from it. It seems the prep. hall is all right, but not down below!

More music—what this time? What do you know, it's the bell for bed! Goodnight now, and sleep tight. I hope you don't dream of music!

EILEEN BIRKS, VI-A.

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A BELL—FIRE?

I was just meeting the most wonderful person, a mixture of Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power, when all of a sudden a dull noise shattered our conversation, and then it came louder and louder . . . a bell. I was hit rudely on the shoulder and then . . . I woke up, my roommate was leaning over me.

"Wake up, for heaven's sake, the fire bell has been ringing for ages."

I got up and groped for my slippers, and by force of habit shut the window and reached for my blanket, and then stumbled out of bed, and thence down the fire escape.

There I saw many girls whose curlers stuck out at rakish angles from their head, with blurred eyes—we were all as one, but what a funny sight! I leaned against the wall and dozed.

"P.A.?" no answer.

"P.A.! Are you here?"

"Oh yes, sorry, I must have been asleep, sorry."

"All here . . ., back to bed everybody."

I stumbled up the stairs and tumbled into bed, trying to catch a glimpse of my dream man whom I had very rudely left.

P. A. JACKES, VI-A.

SUNBATHING

Mary went out one hot fair day
 To sunbathe on the grass;
 She took along a magazine
 The drowsy time to pass.
 Upon a little hill she lay
 But soon began to yawn;
 Her magazine fell to the ground—
 The sun shone on and on!
 An hour or two passed quietly
 Without a breath of air,
 When luckily some pals of hers
 Passed by her little lair.
 They gazed upon her scarlet form,
 Her arms and legs so red,
 "Mary", they cried, "wake up and come,
 You'd better go to bed."
 Mary did not sleep that night—
 (Her roommate suffered too!)
 "I'll never try again" she said
 "Such a foolish thing to do!"

JUNE PEVERLEY, VI-B.

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RIDING

Riding is a sport which the majority of people like doing. It is fun and, in many cases, stylish. At the same time it gives excitement and helps to keep the figure.

Riding has been brought down from the past ages; gentlewomen in the sunny afternoons rode side-saddle down wooded bridle paths, or went out hunting with their husbands or escorts. People were proud to ride a horse who was bred from a famous mare or stallion; they liked to show off all the good points of the horses they rode.

To-day we have horse-shows and races in which we show our best horses. Polo has gradually faded out of the picture in most countries.

People who ride should ride for the love of riding, and at the same time understand and appreciate the horse. The horse is not a dumb animal; it is next to the dog for its intelligence. When you ride, don't ride just because you think it is the right thing to do, but ride because it gives you pleasure.

MARIE NORMAN, VI-B.

DAY BEFORE GOING HOME

Everyone is naturally all excited and all thoughts of exams have left the minds completely. This is the day before we go home! To-morrow we'll be at home with Mum and Dad! These sentences ring through the corridors. Gramophones play. Everyone is running up and down the corridors getting tickets from the office and trying to find all her baggage and later trying to get everything in and still be able to close the trunks. Everyone is getting her hair washed and girls are practically standing in line for the bath. At last all is ready and the trunks are taken away and the halls and rooms are left bare except for a few things that remain during the vacation. Tired and worn out from packing but excited and happy, everyone answers the supper bell—the second to last meal at school! All are glad to get at last into pyjamas and go to the gym where we are given the final "to do's" and "not to do's". Into bed at last and tired and happy from the day's rush and the expectation of to-morrow, all are asleep.

JUNE PEVERLEY, VI-B.

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THE VILLAGE

We may go to the village! We may go to the village! These wonderful words come screaming to our ears, and our faces light up.

To go to the village is a great event, which takes place every other Saturday throughout the term, and Compton becomes the most popular place in the Eastern Townships.

Feet carry many of us to the haunts of food, and bicycles take anxious girls flying to the ice cream in a split second.

Short tunicked girls wander for hours from store to store seeking out the most desired articles for the smallest price.

When 4 o'clock draws near, we saunter back carrying many odd packages whose contents will be enjoyed for quite a while.

Compton in the meantime tries to catch its breath and settle down after a hard afternoon of trying K.H.C. girls.

P. A. JACKES, VI-A.

LE 24 MAI

Lors de mon arrivée au Canada, cela m'a beaucoup surprise de voir que le 24 mai, anniversaire de la reine Victoria, était jour férié. Moi, je trouve qu'il est dommage qu'on ne célèbre point cette fête en Angleterre, car la reine Victoria n'était-elle pas aussi notre reine? De plus tout le monde aime les fêtes.

C'est un jour de congé, pour tous. Les dames, parées de leurs plus beaux atours, se promènent fièrement au bras de leur maris. Certaines gens se font même un plaisir d'offrir des danses et des garden-parties. Les cinémas et les restaurants sont remplis de jeunes gens pleins de joie de vivre.

Cependant, c'est le soir que la fête bat son plein. Dans les parcs, dans les jardins et dans les champs il y a de nombreux feux de joie. De temps à autre on entend comme le bruit d'une fusillade. C'est un feu d'artifice—le ciel s'illumine et des fusées montent et retombent comme une pluie de feu.

Bientôt la fête est finie et la nuit aussi.

X. RYDER.

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LOS DEPORTES EN K.H.C.

Aquí en el colegio hacemos muchos deportes. En el invierno patinamos y hacemos ski. A todo el mundo le encanta la nieve; sobre todo a las chiquitas que siempre están haciendo muñecas de nieve, y tirando bolas a las mayores.

Al fin del trimestre pasado fuimos a dar un paseo en trineo. Hacía mucho frío, pero con todo y eso la noche estaba linda.

Ya en Abril la nieve desaparece y unas pocas semanas mas tarde se puede jugar tennis. Unas niñas tienen sus caballos aquí, y montan seguido. Montar en bicicleta es otro deporte que les gusta a las niñas, especialmente los sábados cuando pueden ir hacer picnics.

En otoño jugamos mucho basket-ball y hockey. Una vez al año, los muchachos de B.C.S. vienen a jugar un match de hockey con nosotros, y generalmente ganan.

Nadamos mucho durante el año, pues tenemos un tanque cubierto. En Diciembre tuvimos un concurso de natación que ganó Montcalm.

Cada niña hace los que quiere de estos deportes, pero todo el mundo debe tomar clases de gymnasia. El 23 de Mayo tuvimos una exhibición, y muchos padres de las niñas vinieron.

Los deportes son muy populares aquí en K.H.C., y sobre todo muy interesantes.

JANETTE RILEY, VI-B.
ANGELITA GUIROLA, VI-A.

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DER FRUEHLING IN COMPTON

Das Frühlingstrimester ist bei weitem das schönste in Compton. Die Walder and Felder sind voller Blumen; die Maiglockchen, die Flieder und die Apfelblüten sind besonders schön, und sind euch überall zu finden. Die Maiglockchen wachsen sogar am Strassenrande, und wir gehen oft grosse Strausse zu pflücken.

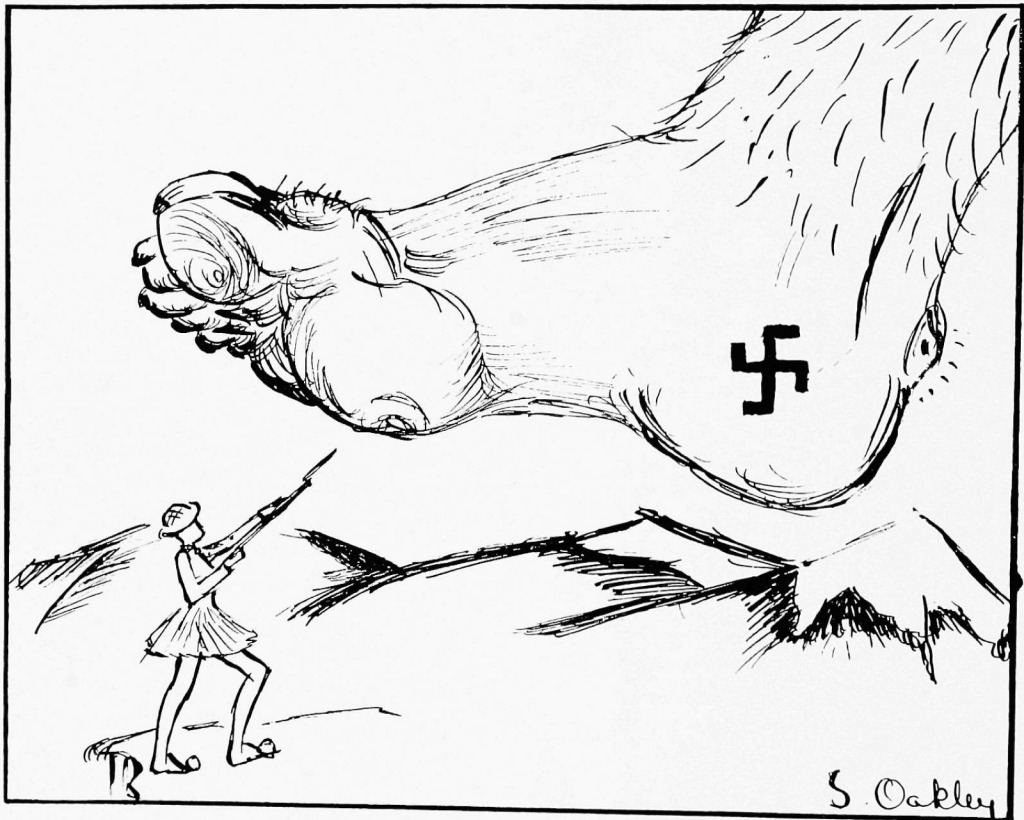
Dies ist nicht aber unsere einzige Beschäftigung; wir spielen am nachmittag Tennis, und wenn es dann zu heiss wird, spielen wir manchmal nach dem Abendessen. Wir machen Radfahr Ausflüge, und am Samstag nehmen wir manchmal unser Mittagessen, und gehen irgendwo draussen.

In manchen Gegenständen, wie mit der Geschichte oder Naturgeschichte, haben wir unseren Unterricht draussen. Ich glaube wir lernen genau so viel, denn, wenn wir es in der Klasse haben, schauen wir die ganze Zeit aus dem Fenster, und wünschen dass wir draussen waren.

Manche Mädchen, die sehr energisch sind, stehen in der Früh vor der Glocke auf um hin aus in die Sonne zu gehen, aber mir genügt es wenn die Sonne ins zimmer scheint, denn wir sind fast jeden Tag viel draussen.

GWEN DE ROTHSCHILD, VI-B.

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THE RANKLING THORN

Juniors

FOUR SONS

Adam Had Four Sons all Tall, Dark and Handsome. In a Spring Parade the first one met *The Lady Eve*, who really was a *Viracious Lady*. Then began *This Thing Called Love*. So they took *The Night Train to Munich* where they were married by *Pastor Hall*, more commonly known as *Comrade X* and became *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. They met the *Son of Monte Christo* and with him spent a happy *Honeymoon for Three Down Argentine Way*. After that they went home and settled down in *Back Street* near *Waterloo Bridge*.

The second son joined the forces, to help guard *The Ramparts We Watch*. At first he was part of a *Convoy* on board *H.M.S The Sea Hawk*, commanded by *Captain Caulion*, but was later transferred to the *Dawn Patrol*. Unfortunately, however, he was killed in the moment of *Victory* after having been given full *Flight Command*. The Letter containing the bad news was received by his beloved wife *Virginia* and his *Four Daughters*.

The third son joined the *North West Mounted Police* and soon was transferred to *Hudson's Bay* and put on the track of the *Westerner*. However, he fell into the clutches of *The Bad Man* and *The Great McGinty*. During an attempt at *Escape* to return to his beautiful *Strawberry Blonde, Ninotchka*, he met a nice girl called *Chad Hanna*. He eloped with her and went to live *East of the River* for many happy years, but to the rest of his family his life was a complete *Blackout*.

The fourth and last of the *Gallant Sons* became an astronomer and while studying the *Moon Over Burma* he decided to write a book called *All This and Heaven Too*. Then while travelling he met *That Hamilton Woman* and during *That Night in Rio* he climbed a high palm tree in a storm and was just *Gone With The Wind*.

So ends *The Great Lie* from *The March of Time*.

What was left of the family, mostly *The Women*, lived for *Sixty Glorious Years*.

Keep Your Seats Please !

JEAN EMSLIE, V-B, SHEILA ELDER, V-A.

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"THE MISTAKE OF A NIGHT"

One snowy night in late November,
Something occurred worth while to remember !
The good old Board who were meeting that night,
Left their car in the snow, where it stuck quite tight !

After the meeting they came outside,
And when they saw it they almost cried !
But with a brave heart, and a good strong hand,
They pushed and pulled it, to reach high land.
Said one little man in the midst of the fray,
"Oh ! I seem to be pushing the other way !"
They tugged and hauled with might and main,
But the car did nothing but rock with the strain !
In one of the rooms on the upper floor,
Where the wind was whistling round the door,
The inmates could not sleep to the song
Of Skittles' barking, loud and long !
Said Doris to Judy in sleepy tones,
"Throw something out at the bag of bones !"
So up gets Judy and does as she's told,
And throws her water out into the cold !
As the night was dark, and the moon in bed,
The water fell on the Canon's head !
He looked at the windows all in a row,
But nothing was there that could possibly show
If it came from the building, or if it was snow !
But then he decided it must be rain,
So he put himself once more to the strain
Of moving the car out onto the road,
And finally got the staggering load
Right out of the snow, and drove out of sight,
To always remember that terrible night !

S. ELDER, V-A.

MY FIRST DAY SKATING

The first time I ever skated in my life was half-way through the Easter term. The weather was good and the ice better than it had been for years. So I decided to try my luck and I think I still bear the marks! The rest of the school seemed to find it amusing, but I'm afraid I could not understand their sense of humour! I got two girls to hold me up, but when I got out into the middle of the ice they basely turned and left me to my fate! I promptly sat down and someone skating behind me fell on top of me! After we had disentangled, I managed to get onto my skates again—but I seemed to be in the way everywhere and I sat down again as someone whirled past me. After repeated struggles, I managed with great effort to skate a few strokes but, finding this too much for me, I decided to try again another day—when some of my bruises were less painful.

ROSALIND KELSEY, V-A.

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"RING, TELEPHONE, RING"

Ring Telephone Ring.

Hello Dolores, it's Billy Boy.

Let Me Dream anything while I'm *In the Mood* 'n the *Shades of Twilight*, *High On a Windy Hill* with *Nobody*. *Oh, Look At Me Now*. *There I Go, Deep In a Dream* (*Another One of Them Things*). *It All Comes Back To Me Now*. *Yesterthoughts* about *Our Love Affair Down Argentina Way* in the *Stardust* with a *Moonlight Serenade*. *It's Always You* and *I Wouldn't Take a Million for Frenesi, Amapola, or Sweet Sue*. *Do I Worry* because *You Might Have Belonged To Another?* *Maybe*, but *Everything Happens To Me* and *I Don't Want To Cry Any More*. *I Want To Be Happy*. *I Can't Remember To Forget The Nearness of You*. *I'm Stepping Out With a Memory Tonight* at *No. 10 Lullaby Lane* so *Good-bye Now*.

JANE EWENS, V-B.

EARLY MORNING IN THE FOREST

It was early morning and a hush covered the whole forest. Suddenly there seemed to be a titter and then a whining voice seemed to say in animal language:

"I want to go to play,
It's such a lovely day."

There was silence, then the voice seemed to say again:

"I'm tired of lying here all day,
Mummy, I want to go to play."

Then a little fawn and its mother stepped out into the clearing and disappeared in amongst the trees. Then a little bird twittered:

"I want to learn to fly
So I may search the sky."

Then the whole forest seemed to be whining until there was a loud grunt that seemed to say:

"If you're not quiet right away.

Bad words I'll have to come and say."

"Chatter, chatter," said the little squirrel.

"Tweet, tweet", said the little bird.

"It's a lovely day,

And I want to play", said the little deer.

"Too - wit - too - woo," said the owl; "squeak, squeak", said the little field mouse; "honk honk", said the big old bull frog.

And the morning began.

M. FULFORD, V-B.

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THE RIVER

This little stream looks cool and clear, bubbling over the small stones and waterfalls. It is nice to walk through without shoes if you are not frightened of the tiny fish swimming around at the bottom.

Our little clear stream turns into a big dirty river as it runs slowly through the big city. Everyone who lives on its banks throws in all the rubbish. Nobody can swim here or enjoy it.

Now the river is clear again and it is getting wider and wider. We can smell the salt wind which comes from the sea a few miles away. We know that this is where our river, which started in such a small way, is going to join the sea.

E. A. HOLT, V-B.

VISION

Night is very nearly past,
Here comes day, at last, at last !
I'm lying in my bed quite still,
Gazing at the window sill.

Some shapes begin now to appear
On the window ledge, just there.
I'm sure I see six tiny wings,
Fitted on three Fairy Kings.

I'm sure I see their golden crowns—
I know I see their velvet gowns !
And isn't that a page just there,
With satin clothes and golden hair?

I see three chargers standing by,
They must be 'bout four inches high.
Oh look ! It all begins to fade,
'Twas only out of sunbeams made.

SHEENA MACKINTOSH, V-B.

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SPRING

A while ago it was raining,
And now it's bright and fair.
The little children are playing
Without a thought or care.

The old wind shakes the branches,
The grass dresses up in green,
The smoke dances and prances,
Oh what a happy scene !

MARGARET ANNE FORBES, V-B.

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ANIMAL FRIENDS

A horse is man's best helper,
A dog is man's best friend,
A horse's work is in the field,
A dog's, the sheep to tend.

AMY FOWLER, V-B

EXAMS

Exams, exams, is all you hear,
Oh gosh! oh golly! oh dear! oh dear!
I haven't read my geography,
And I'm sure I'll fail in my history.

This afternoon is our Scripture exam,
And I know the Commandments are all in a
jam,
Oh! well, here goes !—The bell has rung,
Just hold your breath and bite your tongue !

JEAN DODDS, V-B.

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WHAT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Dodds.....Missing a basket.
Emslie.....Riding a broncho.
Forbes.....Not biting her fingernails.
Fowler.....Not trying to speak Spanish.
Fulford.....Drawing cartoons.
Holt.....In her own place at table.
Macintosh....100% in arithmetic.

AMY FOWLER, V-B.

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THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Oh ! the earth is rejoicing for winter has gone;
The flowers have awakened,
The birds sing a song.
The grasshoppers dance in their holes all day long
For Spring has arrived !

The great sun looks down from his chariot of fire,
To look at the earth in her newest attire,
While the leaves on the trees blow gently and cry
"Spring has arrived !"

The fairies and elves look on with delight,
And dance in the beautiful gardens all night.
While the small furry animals shout with delight,
"Spring has arrived !"

JEAN EMSLIE, V-B.

AN EARTHQUAKE

One fine windy morning we were all in the back garden of our house in Lima, Peru.

All of a sudden we heard a rumble and then our house began to shake.

Our governess rushed downstairs. By that time all the servants were in the back garden.

The quake lasted about a minute. There wasn't much damage in our part of Lima, but in one district only eight houses were left standing.

Our house suffered only the loss of some tiles from the roof.

That was the longest minute I have ever lived through.

AMY FOWLER, V-B.

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SPRING TIME

It was in a large field that this happened. Last year it was full of buttercups.

"It is getting very warm now, isn't it Pat?" said Tom, one of the buttercups, waking up from the long winter sleep. "I am going to go up and get some fresh air. I am quite sure Mr. Sun will be up and about, aren't you?" "Yes, I think he will. But please may I go up with you?" said Pat, another buttercup.

So both the young buttercups went up to get some fresh air. But to their surprise there were some other buttercups there already.

They were soon very glad because the other young buttercups played games with them.

JENNIFER TUDOR-HART, IV-A.

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IN THE WOODS

Through the woods I wander,
And hear the birds sing.
I love to watch the squirrels,
And hear them chattering.
To hear the brook bubbling by,
And see birds flying in the sky.
The poplars swaying overhead,
Bowing to the sun so red.

S. HARRISON,
E. ANGUS, IV-A.

SPRING

The spring was there, at last. The flowers were beginning to waken under-ground.

And in the forest the big bear was wakening up from his long winter's sleep.

Spring herself was walking through a little wood. As she passed, the snow melted for miles around. Spring is a fair maiden clad in a green dress with green trimmings. She has long flowing golden hair, and as her sandalled feet touched each spot a little crocus would spring up. As spring passed through the towns the children ran about and marvelled at the flowers.

Spring travelled through many countries and everywhere she went she made people happy.

Way up in the mountains is where Spring makes her home and there she will live until next year when she walks through the countries and brings happiness again.

SHIRLEY HARRISON, IV-A.

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A FRAGMENT

The house used to belong to a shepherd. Daisies and grass grew in with the thatch. There were daffodils, lilies, love-in-the-mist, tulips, blue-bells, violets, primroses, and forget-me-nots in the garden. Swallows darted around the blossoming apple-trees, and the wild geese sailed along through the air. As the shepherd led out his sheep he played a little tune on his pipe. While the shepherd's wife fed the cat, the sun rose, and streamed through the window on to the floor, as if it wished to scrub it even cleaner than it was already.

The cattle lowed far down in the valley, as the silver brook trickled down over the beautiful purple heather to sing its song of greeting.

D. TUDOR-HART, IV-A.

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MY WEE GARDEN

When I wandered out to-day,
Instead of going out to play,
I went for a walk all alone
To some flowers I had grown.

I had some daffa-down dillies
And some very pretty white lillies,
I also have some that are red
And every year they seem to spread.

VORA MACKINTOSH, IV-B.

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HORSE SHOWS

Cantering round the big ring,
I feel as if I've got to sing.
I feel I've got to be so good,
And ride like a champion
Would.

My pony is very good, too,
She knows just what to do,
She jumped her very best that day
And that night carried the prize
Away.

We didn't even realize,
That we had won the first prize.
I went and told my little horse
Who was *very* proud
Of course.

VORA MACKINTOSH, IV-B.

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THE WIND

The wind blows loud,
The wind blows shrill,
The wind sings stories true,
And the wind has very pretty songs
To sing to you.
And when the night-time comes,
You hear him louder still,
Because he loves to sing a song
That makes you very still.

JUDY AITKEN, III-A.

MY PONY

If I had a pony
I'd surely call him Tony
'Cause that's my favourite name !
I know he'd be toughy
And he'd surely be fluffy
And of course he'd have a long, long mane !

BEULAH WEBSTER, IV-B.

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HORSES

The horses at K.H.C. are very nice. Their names are Morandi, Cottor, Dolly, Midnight, Rob Roy and Dynamite

Morandi is Jane Holt's horse, and Cottor is Francoise Raymond's horse, Dolly and the rest are the school horses. The horses I like best are Dynamite and Morandi.

Rob Roy pulls the cutter in the winter, he is very strong.

Midnight is quite an old western, Dynamite is quite frisky. Vora Mackintosh taught her how to shake hands. Dolly's color is brown, Rob Roy is brown, Midnight and Dynamite are black, Morandi and Cottor are reddish brown.

DIONE DEANE, III-A.

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A MIX-UP

Which would you like to be chased by?

A whale
Or a snail?
Or a quail
Or a tail?

Which would you like to happen?

A quake
O ra shake?
Or an ache
Or a break?

ROSEMARY KELLEY, IV-B.

ROBIN AND ME

I saw a little robin,
A-sitting on a tree,
I saw a little robin
But he hasn't seen me.

ANNE JARRETT, III-A.

⊖ ⊖ ⊖

A FAIRY

I'd love to see a fairy
Running on the grass,
I'd rather see a fairy
Than a beetle crawling fast.

DIONE DEANE, III-A.

ROBIN RED BREAST

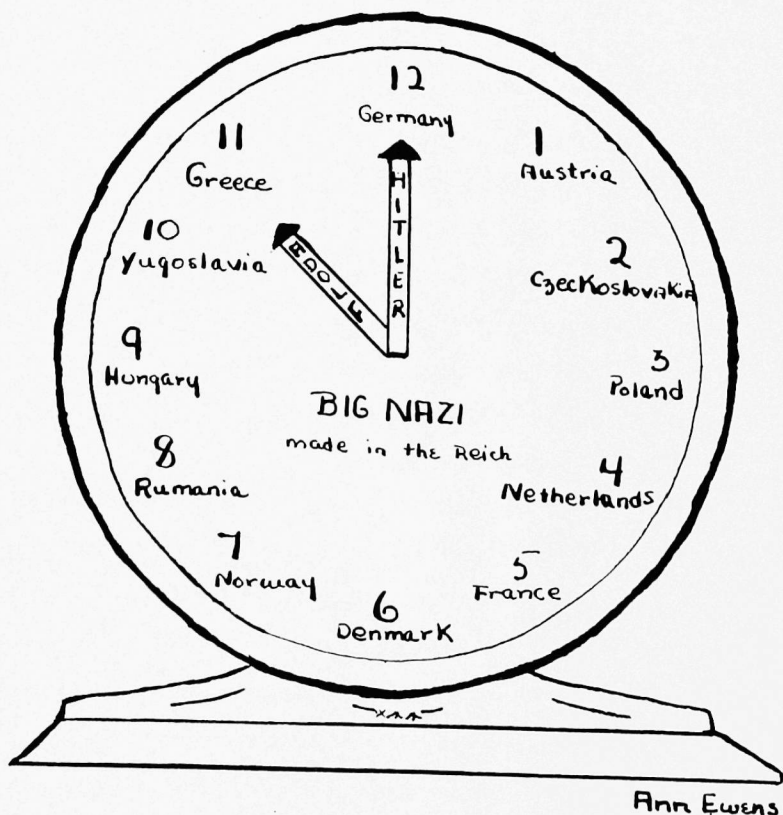
I was born in Grenada. I live at the Jarrette's house. It is a very nice house. They have some love birds and I can talk to them.

I fly every morning to their house and when they have breakfast on the veranda I can get crumbs. One morning I was out. I had left my babies at home. A cat came along and was just going to climb the tree when along came Chum (the Jarrette's dog), and chased the cat away.

When I came along the babies were very frightened. I cheered them up and gave them a hearty breakfast.

After that they went to sleep and slept soundly.

ANNE JARRETT, III-A.



Are 12 hours still the maximum day?

Old Girls

MONTREAL BRANCH

BIRTHS

To SIR TENTON AND LADY AYLMER (Topsy Bell, 1917-1920), a daughter, January 1st, 1941.
To MR. AND MRS. B. PALIN DOBSON (Marion Smith, 1919-1923), a son, March, 1941, Bolton, Lancs., England.
To MR. AND MRS. SHARP (Bernice Beaumont), a son, January 24th, 1941.
To MR. AND MRS. A. B. DARLING (Dora Virtue), a daughter, March, 1941.
To MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BYERS (Norah Dean Baillie), a son, March 26, 1941.

MARRIAGES

CLAIRE CANN to W. E. Fitzsimmons, March, 1940.
NORAH DEAN BAILLIE (1935), to Arthur Byers, July 26th, 1940.
PAM MERRILL (1937), to Esmond H. Peck, Oct. 5th, 1940. Residing in Three Rivers.
THERESE DESBAILLETS (1935), to Dr. Jacques Badeaux, October 15th, 1940.
ELIZABETH CARSWELL (1929-33), to John Young Carlyle, November 5th, 1940.
GRACE FLINTOFT (1934-36), to Lieut. Murray H. Cassils, Black Watch, November 9th, 1940.
NANCY SHOREY (1928-30), to Lieut. Angus Rankin, December, 1940. Residing in Halifax.
MARY GOODFELLOW (1925-27), to Douglas Hertz on Dec. 21st, 1940. Residing in New York.
KATHLEEN CARSWELL (1929-31), to Walter Rowan Simpson, January 18, 1941.
FRANCES SISE (1932-34), to Frank Jones Humphrey, on Feb. 21st, 1941. Residing in Pittsburg, Pa.
MARY TURPIN (1926-30), to James P. Shaw, March 19th, 1941.
MIRIAM ANN HOLLAND, to George E. A. McCain, March 29th, 1941.
NANCY KERRIGAN, to L.A.C. Frederick George Johnson, April 5th, 1941.
BETTY GALT, to Lieut. Desmond Martin, R.C.A., A.C.A., April 12th, 1941.

OUT-OF-TOWN

DOROTHY ANNE FINNIE, Arnprior (1933-36), to C. R. Eltinge, Jr. Residing in Stamford, Conn.
NORA DOUGLAS PRIE, Kitchener, to Squad. Leader Richard Henry Waterhouse, R.A.F., Dec. 1940.

MISCELLANEOUS

Carol Ray, formerly of Levis, now residing in Waterville, will be married June 14th to Ted. McMurrich. They will live in Montreal.
Diana McCurdy (1936-1937), will be married in June to Philip E. Haddon, R.C.N.
Margaret Gurd is now a member of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps in Montreal.
Katharine Littler is engaged to Squad. Leader W. R. Pollock.
Mrs. Andrew Barr (Margaret Gordon) and her three children from England, are at present living in Montreal.
Flora Baptist is the head technician of the Children's Memorial Hospital.
Katharine Littler, Rea Pease, and Janet Porteous are members of the Canadian Women's Transport Service.

CORRECT ADDRESS WANTED

Elsie MacDougall, 1390 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.
Mrs. Selwyn Wilson, 118 Lisgar St., Ottawa.

NEWS FROM QUEBEC

MARRIAGES

PEGGY DUNN to Lieut. Douglas Johnson on July 27, 1940.
ELIZABETH GIBSON to George Jessop on Nov. 30, 1940.
THERESE ST. LAURENT to Frank Lafferty.

BIRTHS

To LIEUT. AND MRS. JOHNSON (Peggy Dunn), a son on April 14, 1941.
To MR. AND MRS. L. MIDDLETON (Marjorie Anderson), a son on March 2nd, 1941.

MISCELLANEOUS

Helen Price has given up her position in Toronto and returned to Quebec.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lafferty (Marjorie Barrow), have moved to Ottawa.
Mrs. S. Williams (Enid Price), has moved to Quebec for the duration.
Gretchen Parrocke spent the winter in Quebec, but has returned to Lennoxville for the summer.

NEWS FROM HAMILTON

MARRIAGES

JOY THOMPSON to Fl. O. Eric Hamper.
ANNE NICHOLSON to P. O., R. D. Underhill.
MOLLY GREEN to Sub-Lieut. John Mitchell, R.C.N.R.

MISCELLANEOUS

Miss Audrey Henderson is Commander of the Canadian Women's Transport Service, Red Cross, in Hamilton.
Marjory Dumoulin is 2nd Lieut.
Ann Wigle is a Sergeant.
Alice Mary Balfour is a Lance-Corporal.
These girls have all passed their exams in Mechanics, Map Reading, St. John's Ambulance, Military Law, Truck Driving, and are now taking courses in Stretcher Bearing and Advanced Mechanics.

NEWS FROM TORONTO

MARRIAGES

LYN PEPLER to John Franklin Hughes on May 17, 1941.
ANN CATHARINE MACBETH, June 22, 1940, is living in St. Thomas.

BIRTHS

MRS. JOAN JENNINGS (Sally Pepler), on August 12, 1940, a son, Jan Howard Hamilton (Tony).
MRS. W. A. G. KELLY (Isabelle Ross), on May 26th, 1940, a daughter, Mary Jane.
MRS. DOUGLAS STORMS has a granddaughter, Sandra Storms. December 13th, 1940.

MISCELLANEOUS

Amy Gundy Rybert is transport officer for the Transport Service in Toronto and so is very busy.
Mrs. Burrell Ballentyne (Phinn), is here from London, England, with her four daughters who are attending Haverall College.

RETURN TO CANADA

We were returning from California with mingled regret and happy anticipation. After living for two years in a land remote from troubled regions, it was with a feeling of deep interest that we approached the border, anxious to see what being at war meant to our country.

The children were terribly excited about the night trip by steamer from Seattle to Vancouver, but were inconsolable to find that "Simon" and "Mam'selle" would have to spend the night in the hold. For four days our cat and dog had travelled in style in the compartment, behaving in a most exemplary manner. As we had taken our pets to Arizona the Christmas before, they knew the procedure. "Simon", the cat, was taken aboard the train in a knitting bag, while "Mam'selle" arrived in her dog-carrier. Once in the compartment and freed from temporary imprisonment, they stretched luxuriously and took up accustomed positions at each window. At such times as Andrea, John and I departed for the diner Miss Pussy had to be transferred to the dog carrier, padlocked against sudden escape, should someone inadvertently open the door.

Of course the animals took several daily walks at appropriate stations. Progress down the platform to a stretch of grass surrounding the depot, was watched with open-mouthed fascination by natives and fellow passengers alike. A dog on a leash trots along co-operatively enough, but without imagination, whereas a cat tries, with feline ingenuity, to outwit this annoying restraint. Backing, rolling and leaping are to be expected, with sudden dashes underneath any handy impediments. The latter might prove to be a large shrub, platform or railway carriage. Our cat was not particular. By the time the engine was reached for John's inspection, "Simon" had to be picked up and with what fits of terror she was seized upon surveying a monster who could outspit her a billion times!

Yet train life offered certain freedom not to be found in holds. The animals tried all night to explain this in no uncertain tones on the boat from Seattle. Meanwhile, in our comfy cabin, the children and I were enjoying what we had forgotten to be a typically British luxury, soft white all-wool blankets. We were on a Canadian boat bound for Canada.

Once in Vancouver, we spent the lovely sunny day sightseeing, and were immediately made war-conscious by the presence everywhere of soldiers. It was the first time we had seen battle-dress, but it was to become a very ordinary sight for the next few days.

The train trip from Vancouver to Montreal, that June 1940, afforded many interesting fellow passengers. One little group comprised an American Consul's wife, but recently returned from Berlin, an Italo-Canadian girl bound for Halifax to marry a Naval Officer, and a charming little Scotswoman who had left her husband in Japan to meet the boat bringing her boy from Scotland. Besides, the train was laden with troops. At Regina and Calgary, where big send-offs had been staged, special cars were placed for the regiments near the front of our train. At Winnipeg, Air Force recruits were added to the load. An atmosphere of informality and friendliness prevailed throughout the journey East, while everyone endeavoured to make the boys feel how much they were appreciated.

A memorable incident occurred, where our train had to stop, to allow passage of two long and heavily guarded train loads of German prisoners. Apparently it was lunch time, for all were stolidly "tucking in," which was more than we onlookers were doing, lined up in the passage awaiting a turn in the diner.

Arrival in Montreal was the signal for many a happy greeting to disembarking troops, and many a good-bye to friends made en route. Everywhere were signs of the war effort, coupled with familiar sights. We were back in Canada. We were home.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD COMPTON GIRL

VIOLET MEYERS ('24-'26)

Violet left for England on a freighter in May, '39, having earned the money for the trip by selling Xmas cards, and by various other projects. After landing at Newcastle, she had an invitation to go on a motor trip through Cornwall and the Southern Counties. Her first job was on a sailing ship. The owner, a wealthy man, had bought an old ship, used in the slave trade and in Arctic exploration. He arranged a cruise with paying guests and a pinched crew who received no pay, the mate being an English naval officer on leave, and the engineer a diesel expert. Violet was cook, housekeeper and "band," as she had brought along her accordion. They went to , sailed down the coast of France, and up the coast of Wales, ending at Dartmouth, where Violet went to a yachting inn for the night, wondering what she could do next. The following morning, the manager asked her to be hostess in his hotel, a position which she accepted and held for a short while. One of the first guests was Princess Andrew of Greece. A movie Company also came, where they filmed "Sons of the Sea" which was shown in Canada last year.

After leaving Dartmouth Violet started for London with little money and no prospects. On the train she bought a paper and found a London "ad" for a secretary-chauffeur. She applied and was engaged by a French woman who edited several French magazines.

When war broke out she gave up her position, and with the wife of the movie producer whom she had met at Dartmouth, enlisted in the Woman's Land Army. They were sent to an agricultural school in what had been an old Abbey. They drove tractors, and learned various kinds of farm work, but the Government, having decided to exempt farms from military service, the girls were not much in demand. Violet was detailed to a dairy farm, and besides running the separator, etc., she also delivered the milk. She found it very amusing to deliver milk at a back door in the morning, and go in the front door in the evening for dinner all dressed up.

After a summer's work, her knee, which had been broken in a hunting accident some years previously, gave her some trouble, so she went to stay with friends in Hampshire. While there, she and her hostess joined the Mounted Observer's Patrol. All were mounted on hunters and their duties were to watch the country where motor cycles could not go. She rode a fine Irish hunter from the stable of Sir Abe Bailey, and one day took part in a sham fight between English and Australian troops. Her duty was to watch for tanks, and on seeing an enemy one, to gallop to the nearest post with the information.

One day while she was in the dentists' chair at Winchester, the Germans dropped a bomb close by and once she saw a German plane on fire with none of its crew saved.

Her present job is in a Food Board Office by day, where she is in charge, and at night she drives an ambulance. When nights are clear, the enemy planes keep them busy and a recent letter said she had not been in bed before 4.30 a.m. for a week. Sometimes she drives a mobile canteen to the anti-aircraft searchlight crews. The bonnet of the truck is painted a lurid yellow, which must be watched for if they meet poison gas, it turns pink, and if a very bad gas, it turns red.

She went to see a town which had been blitzed and expected to return depressed, instead she came back with a grin because every one was so cheery. One large house, reduced to a heap of ruins, had a large flag on top of the debris, while a tiny cottage in the same condition had a tiny Union Jack. Such is the spirit of Britain!

P.S.—Sent in by Mrs. Meyers from Toronto. Excerpts from letters sent by Violet Meyers.

FRENCH CANADA

The snow clad rolling hills against the sky,
 From north to south through old Quebec, they lie
 As barricades and shelter, from the storm
 In winter days, and in the threatening warm.
 We see the great St. Lawrence flowing past,
 Taking many a ship, with funnel or with mast,
 Down to ports where cargoes are exchanged
 And food and stores for other lands arranged.
 The tempting freshness of this province comes in spring,
 Birds hail the morn, as through the dew they sing,
 The sap runs warmly through the stately sugar tree,
 And for this harvest, schools let helping children free.
 Not all of us have been to this enchanting land,
 But when you leave you'll always have its brand,
 Which burns its lasting memories in your heart
 And on the ancient stage of life, it haunts your part.

DIANA SCHWARTZ,
 ('38-'39).

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STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

FOR THE PERIOD FROM MAY 11, 1940, TO APRIL 30, 1941

RECEIPTS

Cash in bank, as at May 10, 1940.....	\$325.09
Annual Membership Fees.....	179.00
Receipts from tea and luncheon.....	75.35
Branch Magazine Dues.....	26.85
Interest on Bonds.....	160.00
Bank Interest.....	2.35
	<hr/>
	\$768.64
ADD: Cheque which has been outstanding since Jan. 1939.....	7.90
	<hr/>
	\$776.54

DISBURSEMENTS

Stationery, Stamps, Typing and Stencils.....	\$ 89.62
Furniture and Fixtures.....	138.85
Flowers.....	13.29
Travelling Expenses.....	26.50
Themis Club Tea.....	\$ 30.89
Berkley Hotel Luncheon.....	55.13
	<hr/>
	86.02
Laura Joll Memorial Prize.....	10.00
Bank Exchange.....	1.99
Magazines.....	100.00
Laura Joll Library—Construction Expense.....	69.00
	<hr/>
	\$535.27
Cash in Bank, April 30, 1941.....	241.27
	<hr/>
	\$776.54

Submitted with our letter of May 6, 1941.

(Signed) CAMPBELL GLENDINNING & Co.,
 Chartered Accountants.

Montreal, May 6, 1941.

⊖ ⊖ ⊖

ACKNOWLEDGMENT:- We wish to thank the Old Girls' Association for their contributions to the magazine and the Quebec branch for their financial aid.

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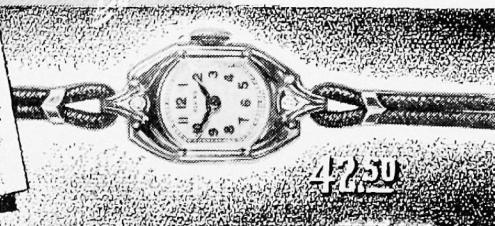
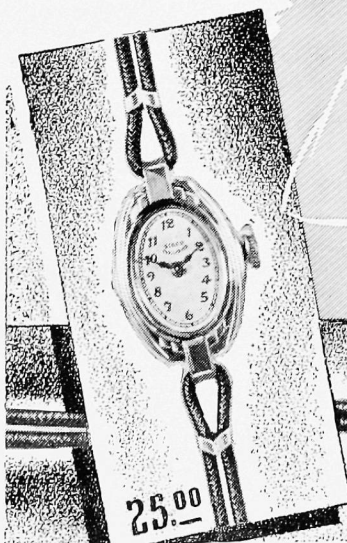
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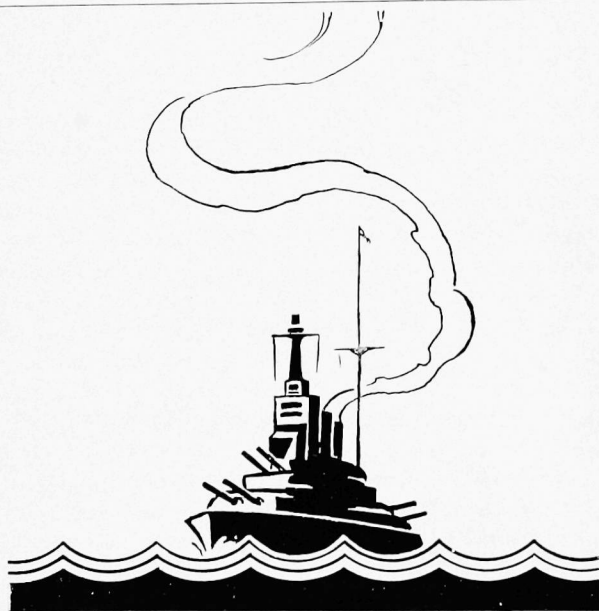
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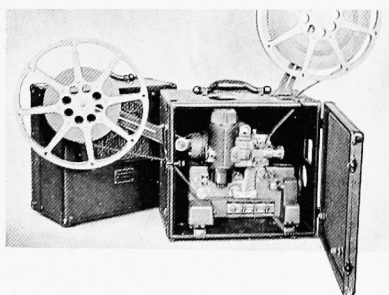
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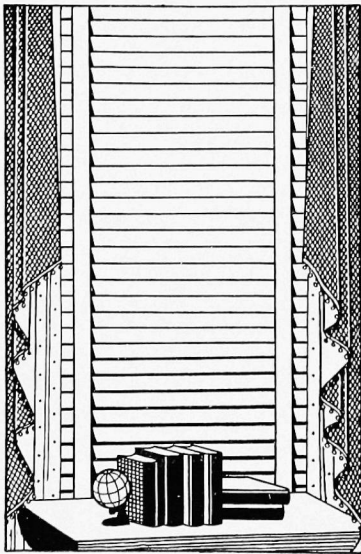
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"Edgehill Review", Edgehill School, Windsor,
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"Ludemus", Havergal College, Toronto.
Bishop Strachan School Magazine.

Lachute High School Annual, Lachute, Que.

"The Beaver Log", Miss Edgar's and Miss
Cramp's School, Montreal.

"Trafalgar Echoes", Trafalgar School, Mon-
treal.

"The Tallow Dip", Netherwood, Rothesay,
N.B.

"The Croftonian", Crofton House, Vancouver.

"The Branksome Slogan", Branksome Hall.

"The Blue and White", Rothesay School,
Rothesay, N.B.

"Ovenden Chronicle", Ovenden, Barrie.

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